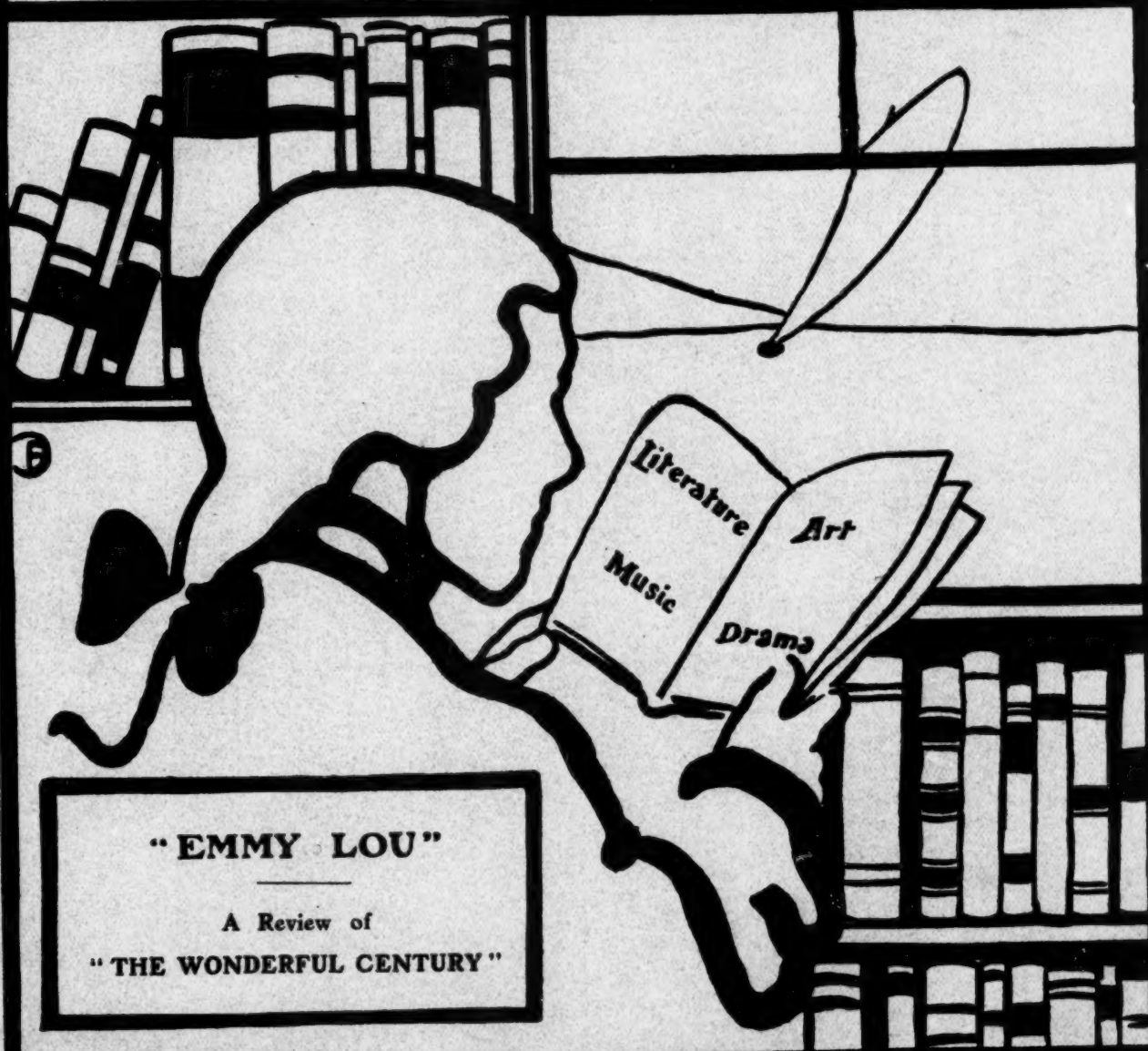


The Academy and Literature

Edited by W. TEIGNMOUTH SHORE



"EMMY LOU"

A Review of
"THE WONDERFUL CENTURY"

WEEKLY: THREEPENCE

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Literary Notes and News

So far the autumn publishing season has been chiefly distinguished for the large number of interesting biographies. *The Life of Gladstone* stands by itself, but in addition may be mentioned the series of works reviewed in last week's issue of *THE ACADEMY*—dealing with such diverse and interesting figures as Galileo, Midhat Pasha, de Blowitz, Crabbe, Bismarck, Mr. Chamberlain and Thackeray.

MRS. W. K. CLIFFORD has written for "The Pilot" a short story called "The Modern Way," and is completing a book for children, to be published by Messrs. Methuen next year.

SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON has completed his work on "British Mammals." The author has endeavoured to bring home to the generality of his readers (specialists knew this before) the rich mammalian fauna we have had and lost since man first came on the scene. The glacial conditions of the middle pleistocene cost us our Mediterranean migrants—our African elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, lions, leopards, gazelles and monkeys; but man, so the author believes, was the principal agent in destroying the rest of the big fauna—the musk oxen, bison, great deer, elk, beavers, bears, lynxes and wolves. According to Sir Harry Johnston British man is still at work destroying what little remains—exterminating seals and otters, polecats, martens, wild cats, badgers, shrews and water voles—just as British man is steadily striving to ruin the natural appearance of our woods and forests by the introduction of rhododendrons, azaleas and foreign junipers. Apart from these considerations, the author endeavours to interest the unlearned amongst his readers in the anatomical features of special importance relating to British whales, bats, carnivores, rodents and ungulates, to trace the past evolution of these forms and the geographical wanderings which finally brought them to Britain. In Sir Harry Johnston's survey of British mammals man is not forgotten, and a brief account is given of the hypothetical and the known history of the peopling of the British Islands. It is characteristic of Sir Henry Johnston that in the very heat of the preparation for his political campaign at Rochester, he should have found time and detachment of mind to make the final revision of this book, and to compile the index. This last was not a pleasant labour to him, as it severely tried his sight and gave rise to fatiguing headaches.

TIME was when parliamentary oratory was a literary matter and a contribution to literature. Macaulay could quote the sonorously balanced sentence in which Pitt declared that certain boroughs of England had "declined with her

decline and decayed with her decay, but had not grown with her growth or strengthened with her strength." Fox, putting forth a book, would admit no word which had not the sanction of Dryden. Not so now. Mr. Chamberlain in the preface which he contributes to a volume, specially addressed to the people, notably recedes from the racy vernacular—the speech of the soil—to the common speech of Parliament; and that is the idiom of the newspapers. It is the decadent Johnsonian tradition with an infusion of technical and scientific vocabulary. One thinks what a vigorous popular simplicity Cobbett would have imparted to—

It is difficult to believe that the results of investigation will not convince every impartial man of the necessity of some reconstruction of a system which has remained stationary and unaltered for more than half a century, &c.

What a succession of fatigued and habit-worn Latinisms! Yet such is the staple of the preface and such the general parliamentary style. The pity is that Mr. Chamberlain but represents the outworn habitualness of his day, with a strength of substance which others lack.

MRS. RICHMOND RITCHIE has written a paper on her old friend Miss Horace Smith, who died some little time since at Brighton. It will appear in the November "Cornhill."

In the "Fortnightly Review" for this month Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch writes somewhat stringently of the Marie Bashkirtseff legend. An authoritative answer should be given to his criticisms or the much-discussed Diary will cease to be considered the human document it claims to be. Those who are responsible for the arrangement and publication of Marie Bashkirtseff's Diary must surely, in justice to themselves, make some response to Prince Karageorgevitch, who roundly accuses them not merely of bad editing and infelicitous selection, but of actual "manipulation" of facts and dates. What are the facts?

MR. A. G. BRADLEY's "Canada in the Twentieth Century" aims at giving a picture of life in the older Provinces, while treating the North-West as a country in the making. The author revisited Canada in the summer of last year, so as to place himself in contact with the latest conditions of life in that country.

ARRANGEMENTS have at last been completed for an English translation of "Jörn Uhl." I understand that a well-known London publisher will issue the book at an early date. "Jörn Uhl" is a novel by the well known German

writer Gustav Frenzen. It has met with extraordinary success in Germany, no less than 180,000 copies having been sold in two years. This record is all the more remarkable because of the fact that the price at which the book was issued—5 marks—is an unusually high one for Germany. "Jörn Uhl" may best be described as akin to a dialect novel in the vein of Mr. George Meredith.

MR. ROBERT BLATCHFORD is about to issue in book form his recent articles on "Science and Religion." I understand that quite a number of London publishers have offered to bring out the book for Mr. Blatchford, but he prefers to issue it himself. For the purposes of this volume Mr. Blatchford has found it necessary to remodel most of his articles, and it will accordingly be seen that more than half the book consists of quite new matter. The volume, which will be published almost immediately at half-a-crown, is to be entitled "God and My Neighbour."

MR. F. NORREYS CONNELL is engaged upon a book which he modestly believes will constitute his first serious claim upon public consideration. This volume is to be entitled "The Dutch Marine: The Story of Holland upon the Water, its Philosophy and its Romance." Mr. Grant Richards is to publish the book in the spring, when it will be simultaneously issued in America. It is not generally remembered that before establishing a serious literary reputation as the author of "The Fool and His Heart," Mr. Connell made a hit as an actor. He appeared in Ibsen's "Ghosts," playing Jacob Engstrand to Mr. Lewis Waller's Oswald.

ON OCTOBER 21, Mr. Grant Richards will publish a book of essays by the late Frank Norris, the author of "The Octopus" and "The Pit," entitled "The Responsibilities of the Novelist."

TWO forthcoming additions to Messrs. Dent's "Temple Classics" are Dr. Sebastian Evans's translation of the "Histories" of Geoffrey of Monmouth, to accompany which he has designed a frontispiece, and the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed has prepared a new translation of the "Convivio," to which he contributes arguments and notes.

CONSIDERABLE interest attaches to the publication of Mr. Hermann Klein's "Thirty Years of Musical Life in London." The author has been on intimate terms with most of the great singers and musicians who have come to London during the last thirty years, and the book forms in a way a history of the opera in the metropolis. It will be issued on October 24.

A SPECIAL colonial edition is being prepared of Lord Wolseley's "The Story of a Soldier's Life," which work will be issued in the United States by Messrs. Scribner's Sons.

"THE KEEPER'S BOOK" is the title of a volume to be issued shortly from the publishing house of Mr. George Morton (for many years manager in the firm of Messrs. W. Blackwood and Sons). The book, which proposes to supply a long-expressed demand for a practical guide to the duties of a gamekeeper, is from the pens of Mr. Stodart Walker and Mr. P. Jeffrey Mackie, supplemented by special articles by Capt. Shaw Kennedy, Mr. P. D. Mallock, Dr. C. Reid, and Mr. Tom Speedy.

ON OCTOBER 19, Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish "Commissioner Kerr: An Individuality," by Mr. G. Pitt-Lewis, K.C., who was for many years the "Deputy" for the Commissioner's judicial work. The book will be illustrated with two portraits, one from a "Vanity Fair" cartoon and one from a painting by his son.

THE first three volumes of Messrs. Methuen's "Little Quarto Shakespeare" are now ready. These little books are so small as to repose comfortably in the waistcoat pocket. Each volume contains a short introduction and brief notes by Mr. W. J. Craig. The series will contain forty volumes, each play being contained in one volume, while the Poems and Sonnets will be given in three volumes.

TWO books by Mr. Stewart Edward White are ready for publication. One, "The Magic Forest," describes the adventures of a little boy who loses himself in the Canadian woods and ends by spending the summer among the Ojibways. The other, "The Forest," is not fiction. "The Magic Forest" is illustrated with full-page plates printed in colours and with drawings in the text.

A NEW volume of the "Little Biographies" will be issued next week. It is entitled "St. Francis of Assisi," and is written by Miss A. M. Stoddart.

THE authorised biography of the late Dean Farrar, written by his son, Dr. R. A. Farrar, will be published in the United States by Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. The same firm announce the publication of the "Pembroke Edition" of Shakespeare's Works, complete in twelve handy volumes, edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke, editors of "The Chamberwell Browning"; also Dr. Henry van Dyke's new work "Joy and Power."

MESSRS. BLACKIE announce some interesting additions to the "Red Letter Library." The introductions will be written by Mr. George Meredith ("Thackeray"), Mr. Charles Whibley ("De Quincey"), the Archbishop of Armagh ("Keble"), Mr. Frederic Harrison ("Carlyle") and others. The volumes are issued at 2s. 6d. leather and 1s. 6d. cloth, net.

THE "Art Annual," the Christmas number of the "Art Journal," will be a monograph by Archdeacon Sinclair on "The Life and Work of John MacWhirter, R.A.," with two colour plates, an etching by R. W. Macbeth, R.A. and other illustrations.

MR. GODSPEED of Boston (U.S.) announces the Merrymount Edition of Jane Austen's works in 16 volumes, finely printed; the price is, for the set, £5.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE will publish in a few days "The Life and Campaigns of Hugh, First Viscount Gough," by Mr. Rait, which should form a worthy addition to this firm's already strong list of notable military biographies and autobiographies.

THE Unit Library will immediately issue a new, revised and cheaper edition of Miss Betham-Edwards' "Reminiscences." The work will contain a portrait of the author from a photo by Barraud.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER will issue on October 26th Mr. Bernard Capes' story, "The Secret in the Hill."

The same writer is at work on a romance which Messrs. Methuen will publish, probably next spring.

MESSRS. CONSTABLE will shortly issue "Japanese Fairy and Folk-Lore Tales," with sixty reproductions from the work of native artists. The book was suggested to the author by a remark of Mr. Andrew Lang. To this English version of well-known Japanese tales, touches of local colour and description have been added, which will increase their interest for English readers.

THE "Critic" (C. P. Putnam's Sons) for October is an unusually interesting number. Mr. William Archer writes on Mr. Bernard Shaw's "Man and Superman"; there is a curious paper on "Composite Photography Applied to the Portraits of Shakespeare," by Mr. W. R. Furness; and a study, full of interest, of "Gladstone's Closing Years," by Mr. William H. Rideing. Gladstone's comment on Jane Austen was "she neither dives nor soars."

BOOKSELLERS' Catalogues Received:—Mr. Charles Higham, Farringdon Street (*Theological and General Literature*); Messrs. Galloway and Porter, Cambridge (*Mathematical and General*); Messrs. Frederik Muller & Co., Amsterdam (*Africa*); Messrs. A. Maurice & Co., Bedford Street (*Fine Art, &c.*); Mr. A. J. Featherstone, Birmingham (*General*); Messrs. E. and C. M. Idle, High Street, Bloomsbury (*General*); Messrs. Henry Sotheman & Co., Strand (*General, Science, and Art*).

Bibliographical

THE late Mr. R. H. Savage is probably best known in this country as one of the most fertile fiction-writers of his time. I calculate that since 1891, when his "My Official Life" was first circulated over here, at least thirty-five volumes from his pen have been introduced to the British public, mainly through the agency of Messrs. Routledge. And these are exclusive of a story ("His Cuban Sweetheart,") written in collaboration, and also of a book of poems called "After Many Years." One would have said that "My Official Life" (on which a rather good light comedy was founded by two English playwrights) was, in England, his most-read work; but I find that his "Brought to Bay" has had three successive issues here, and there have been at least two issues of "Captain Landon," "Delilah of Haarlem," "In the House of His Friends," "The Masked Venus," "The Midnight Passenger," and "Prince Schamyl's Wooing." One of Mr. Savage's stories—"The Shield of His Honour"—had the distinction of being issued in the same year (1901) by two London publishing firms (Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, and F. V. White & Co.).

Signora Duse's revival of "Gioconda" and production of "Francesca da Rimini" has naturally led to a demand for the English translations of D'Annunzio's writings. The first of these, in order of publication, would seem to have been "The Triumph of Death," by A. Hornblow, which came over here from New York in 1896—another version, by Georgina Harding, being issued here in 1898. The last-named year also sent to us from America "Maidens of the Rocks," Englished by A. H. Antona—a second version, "Virgins of the Rocks," appearing here, anonymously, in 1899. To 1898 belongs also a translation of "The Child of Pleasure," with the verses rendered by Mr. Arthur Symons. In 1899 we had "The Victim," by Georgina Harding, and, from New York, "The Intruders," by A. Hornblow. In the following year came "The Flame of Life," by Cassandra Vivaria, and "The Dead City,"

by Mr. Symons, who has since given us translations of "Gioconda" (1901) and "Francesca da Rimini" (1902). On the whole, D'Annunzio may be said to be tolerably accessible in English guise.

Mr. Murray's projected new edition of the Works of J. L. Motley is sure to meet with a hearty welcome from the makers and lovers of libraries. It is a "desideratum." It will not include, I presume, Motley's two works of fiction—"Morton's Hope" and "Merrymount"—which I am afraid very few of us have read. But we shall have, of course, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "The History of the United Netherlands," and "The Life and Death of John Barneveld," all in agreeable uniformity of type, shape, and size. The "Dutch Republic" has been greatly popularized of late years. During the last two decades it has figured in at least ten editions, at prices ranging from 31s. 6d. (1889) to 3s. 6d. (1894 and 1899). A condensed edition appeared in 1898. A volume of "Prose Passages" from the Works of Motley came over here from America in 1883. In 1889 Mr. Murray issued Motley's "Correspondence," edited by Mr. G. W. Curtis; and in the same year there was a re-issue of O. W. Holmes's memoir of the historian, originally issued in 1878.

The fact that we are to have from Mr. Newton Howard a poetical drama with Savonarola as its central figure will send some memories back to the year 1881, when Mr. Alfred Austin dealt with the famous reformer in a similar fashion. That Mr. Austin's work made a very deep impression then, or has done so since, I should not like to assert. However, there it is; and we shall see how Mr. Howard's drama looks in comparison with it. At present, the Savonarola of "Romola" holds the field. Has Mr. Howard been inspired by Pasquale Villari's memoir of the priest, the English version of which came out in 1888, was re-issued in 1889 and 1890, and appeared in a cheaper edition in 1896? No one in this country has attempted to rival Villari, but from America in 1890 there came a fairly substantial biography. Two popularly-written memoirs of Savonarola appeared here two years ago.

A sad lack of the power of initiative continues to be shown in the schemes for "new" series of accepted classics. In one prospectus I find promise of Anthony Trollope's "Barchester Towers," and in another of his "Three Clerks." Surely reproductions of these tales cannot be so very much in demand, seeing that "The Three Clerks" was reprinted by Messrs. Macmillan in 1900 and "Barchester Towers" by Mr. Lane in 1901. The year 1901 was, indeed, one of triumph for Trollope, for it witnessed the resuscitation of his "Dr. Thorne," "The Warden," and "Orley Farm." Of course, one never knows how many copies of a classic are being printed from time to time from stereo plates. Old books may be selling by the thousand, without any record of the fact being publicly made. Hence the many delusions as to the popularity or non-popularity of certain authors.

Among the announcements of coming volumes of verse, none are more attractive than those which herald new books by Miss Ethel Clifford ("Songs of Dreams"), Miss Winifred Lucas ("Other Poems"), and Mrs. Marriott Watson ("After Sunset"). Miss Clifford proffers her second volume soon after her first, but it is quite four years since Miss Lucas issued her little collection called "Fugitives," and, unless my memory fails me, it must be twice that time since Mrs. Watson brought out her "A Summer Night and other Poems" and her "Vespertilia and other Verse." Miss Lucas's title, "Other Poems," strikes one as ingenious, like Mr. Max Beerbohm's "More."

With reference to one of my paragraphs last week, Mr. G. H. Powell writes to say that he proposes to reprint, in his forthcoming volume, both of the books named by me—Rogers's "Table Talk" (1856) and Rogers's "Recollections" (1859). He will omit from them only "a few absolute trivialities."

THE BOOKWORM.

Reviews

A Heterogeneous Mixture

THE WONDERFUL CENTURY. New Edition, revised and largely re-written. By Alfred Russel Wallace. (Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d. net.)

DR. WALLACE hardly gives himself a chance. He has not finished his preface ere he is tirelessly chasing a will-o'-the-wisp as of yore. From this new edition he has omitted the ludicrous chapter on vaccination, which is to be re-published in pamphlet form. "I may state here," he says, "that during the five years it has been before the public it has never been replied to, nor have any of the facts or the arguments demonstrating the uselessness of vaccination been proved to be erroneous." It has been replied to a thousand times and in a thousand ways. Among the latest answers are Dr. Garrett Anderson's figures, in which she shows that, in a large series of cases of small-pox under seven years of age, consisting mainly of vaccinated children, there were over three hundred deaths amongst the unvaccinated minority and *not one* in the protected majority.

The vaccination chapter has disappeared to make way for four new chapters on astronomy, but, unfortunately, the book gains nothing in truth thereby. For Dr. Wallace uses the space thus gained mainly to support his recently promulgated theory as to "Man's Place in the Universe." This is really a vast pity, for the book as it now is, but without these chapters and the assertive preface, would have been a quite worthy exposition of several features of the nineteenth century. This is not the time to discuss Dr. Wallace's cosmological views, as they are to be set forth at length in his new book which is to be published next week.

There have been indicated above the outstanding differences between this new edition and its predecessors, so that the many former readers of the book may be informed. But there is much else that is of the first interest. In the very short and inadequate chapter on Evolution, Dr. Wallace describes the circumstances that led up to his independent recognition of "the survival of the fittest." Though Darwin and Spencer had reached this truth years before, Dr. Wallace's name will permanently be remembered for his connection with it; and it is of the first interest to know that Malthus gave the key alike to Darwin and to our author. These two autobiographical pages (380-381) cover a multitude of sins elsewhere.

Under "Successes" Dr. Wallace deals, in the main, with subjects such as Locomotion and Photography, to his exposition of which the excellent printing of this volume, the numerous and well-chosen illustrations, and his power of clear and attractive disquisition lend much success and charm. Split infinitives and so forth apart, however, there are still some errors which it is perhaps worth while to point out. "Xeon" for "neon" (one of the new atmospheric gases discovered by Sir William Ramsay) is a mere slip, of course. Dr. Wallace states that the Röntgen rays cannot be polarized, though M. Blondlot succeeded in doing so in the early part of this year; and it is not the case that "their exact nature is still unknown." It is also a pity that Dr. Wallace should have retained his account of the "phagocytic" function of the white blood corpuscles, an account which had been proved incorrect long before the original edition of this book appeared. We have all heard by now of Professor Metchnikoff's pretty theory: that the white cells are the policemen and scavengers of the blood, protecting us from evil germs by the effective method of gobbling them up. As a matter of fact the thing is not half so simple. Our protection is obtained by the production within us of a substance exactly

analogous to vaccine-lymph, and produced by the body cells in exactly the same way. Professor Metchnikoff himself and Dr. Wallace are now alone in their adherence to the long-exploded view. After the process of self-vaccination, so to speak, has been accomplished, and the invading germs have thereby been killed or paralysed, the white blood cells come up and consume them. Till then, they keep discreetly in the background. Also it is not correct to say that the white cells are "much smaller" than the red ones; the reverse is the fact, as anyone who has ever seen a blood-film through the microscope will remember. This is the sort of error that crops up so frequently in these pages that it needs an effort to write seriously about them. And why should it be said in 1903 that part of the anti-septic method is "filling the air around the part operated on with a copious spray of carbolic acid"? The carbolic spray must have been abandoned for nearly a quarter of a century.

Part II. consists of "Failures," and Dr. Wallace begins with the "Neglect of Phrenology" and the opposition to Psychical Research. As to the first subject, which is one of the very greatest interest, there is obviously no room here to discuss Dr. Wallace's views. Suffice it that he believes in the whole sorry business, and quotes tables showing that an unfortunate lunatic in 1835 had "animal organs large" according to the phrenologist, whilst the asylum superintendent called him a "bad character." Now if there is anything at all in which we have made headway in the last few years, it is in cerebral physiology. Amongst other things we know for certain that Gall and the rest of them were wrong in attributing "animal" functions to the back of the brain—which they did largely on the grounds that Kant, who had a small cerebellum, was by way of being a misogynist! If Dr. Wallace will read Professor Symington's Presidential Address before the Section of Anthropology of the British Association this year, he will learn that there is every prospect of our one day having a true phrenology, and he will also, perhaps, find reason to modify a few of his statements. For instance, he states, as "now forming part of recognised science," that "the front of the brain is the seat of our preceptive (*sic*) and reflective faculties; the top, of our higher sentiments; the back and sides, of our animal instincts . . . almost all physiologists admit that this general division of brain organs is correct." There is not a single physiologist in any university, college, or board school that would admit even the approximate correctness of this statement. We see with the back of the brain, we speak with the side of it, and so forth. It is seriously to be questioned whether Dr. Wallace has any right to assert that a series of silly mis-statements are "part of recognised science."

After this sort of thing it is difficult to appreciate the true feeling and power of the author's protests against militarism and the "Demon of Greed." What a pity to have given us such a heterogeneous mixture!

C. W. SALEEBY.

Burns as Musician

THE SONGS OF ROBERT BURNS. Now first printed with the Melodies for which they were written. A Study in Tone Poetry. With Bibliography, Historical Notes and Glossary. By James C. Dick. (Frowde. 14s. net.)

MR. DICK's book is a rehabilitation of Burns in the capacity of musician. Everyone knows that some, indeed the vast majority, of Burns's immortal lyrics were written by the poet to be sung to pre-existing tunes. In this respect Burns was indeed unique among the major poets of all time.

That such divine stanzas as "O, wert thou in the cauld blast," should have been written in this way must be accounted, according to our accepted notions, singular enough. But as to the fact itself, there is of course no doubt. So invariable in Burns's case was this way of writing that, as we are reminded in the present volume, his first song was made for the favourite reel of the girl he loved, and his last for the "difficult measure" of a "beautiful strathspey"; so that, as Mr. Dick puts it, when he said that some of his songs were often mere rhymes to express airs, he spoke a literal truth. What Tom Moore called "that rare art of adapting words successfully to notes," was exercised by Burns as an habitual practice and with incomparable results; and the most fascinating information is on record, in his "Commonplace Book" and elsewhere, as to the precise manner in which this was accomplished. Speaking, for example, of a forgotten old song, of which he remembered that the verse and the tune were "in fine unison with one another," he says that when one would compose to these Scottish airs "to sough [hum] the tune over and over is the readiest way to catch the inspiration and raise the Bard into that glorious enthusiasm so strongly characteristic of our Scotch poetry." Again, late in life, he declined to write for an unfamiliar air on the ground that until he was master of a tune he never could compose for it, adding that his invariable way was to consider the expression of the music and choose his theme "humming every now and then the air with the verses I have framed." So much and more to the same effect was known before.

But what Mr. Dick seems to have been the first to realise is the real nature of the services which Burns thus rendered to Scottish music, and the amount of genuine, if limited, musical culture which the poet himself possessed. It is true that of music in its higher forms his knowledge was slight. "He never heard a symphony or a string quartet, and though at the houses of some of his friends he listened to sonatas on the harpsichord, they raised in him neither emotion nor interest." And this, although as a youth he had learned the grammar of the art, throughout his life played the violin in a modest way, and even on one occasion composed a melody of his own. Yet the author makes it plain that his attainments as a practical musician were far greater than has been commonly supposed. With hundreds of his country's national melodies he was intimately familiar, his letters to his publishers contained frequently precise instructions on purely musical details, he collected Scotch airs wherever he could come across them in the mouths of the country people and, when expert assistance was not available for this purpose, is even believed to have recorded them—though the evidence is not quite conclusive on this point—in musical notation himself.

Burns was, in short, a pioneer of that excellent Folk Song Society which in our own time does such admirable work in the same direction; but with this difference—that whereas our modern collectors confine their efforts to noting down and recording the melodies which they discover, those which Burns found he "married to immortal verse."

For the rest Mr. Dick's work is a monument of erudition and research one which no student of Burns can possibly afford to overlook. The volume contains what is claimed to be the completest collection, in the unexpurgated text, of Burns's songs and ballads extant, including more than thirty printed for the first time as Burns's work, accompanied, wherever it has been possible to supply it, by the music of the tunes to which they were written. From the musical point alone, therefore, the work constitutes an epitome of the anonymous folk music of Scotland. In addition there is a very complete bibliography, along with copious historical notes of almost Teutonic exhaustiveness and learning, facsimile Burns holographs and an extensive glossary, the whole

(which is dedicated, by the way, to Dr. Joachim) making up a volume doing credit in every manner to its laborious and enthusiastic author.

HUGH SCOTT.

HISTORY OF THE PENINSULAR WAR. By Charles Oman, M.A. Vol. II. (Oxford University Press. 14s. net.)

PROFESSOR OMAN's work progresses with no falling-off of interest and with an almost portentous thoroughness. When it is completed, we shall have the good fortune of possessing two of the finest works of military history in the world, both bearing by singular chance on the same great struggle. We have the magnificent battle-pictures of Napier, the soldier and actor in the scenes that he described with all the passion of a poet in his daring vividness of style; we shall have the last word of modern historical science and research, the ripe judgment of the narrator who has studied every accessible record, weighed all conflicting testimony, faced every battle-field.

The *culte de l'inédit* has been carried to excess by some modern historians. Professor Oman is indeed a hunter after the unpublished, but he uses it with due caution, to confirm rather than upset the accepted authorities. Nor is he drawn, as a scientific historian well might be, into constant disparagement of his predecessors. In fact, in the second volume, having already cautioned his readers against Napier's anti-Spanish and pro-Napoleonic bias, he has less occasion to refer to it.

The absence of Napoleon from the Peninsula removes a blemish that so warm an admirer of the book as myself noticed in the first volume—a taint of Lanfretyitis, the disease which somewhat infected the late Sir John Seeley's short *Life of Napoleon*. Professor Oman not only chronicled the undoubtedly bad deeds of Napoleon, but kept up a sort of Greek chorus of disapproval. He even (in the first volume) called him Bonaparte. Professor Freeman used to call him Buonaparte at all stages of his career. Now when a man's changes of name so admirably mark the stages of his career, it is pedantry not to use them. Buonaparte is the Corsican politician or adventurer, Bonaparte the Republican general, Napoleon the Emperor.

Professor Oman apologises for the length of his volume, in which between six and seven hundred pages are required for the events of nine months; but I should be hard put to it if set to cut out twenty pages from his work, while I would rather die than surrender one of the fascinating plans. It is all so valuable, and much of it we can get nowhere else. French historians are as a rule terribly patriotic, and their patriotism extends to the numbers they give of the strength and losses of their enemies and their own men. Napier habitually corrected French numbers by British records, but where British troops were not involved, he as habitually went by French accounts to the exclusion of Spanish. Professor Oman gives the Spaniards no favour, but a fair field.

It is impossible to quote any especial passage; the style, though interesting and scholarly, does not attempt to be striking. I could wish that Professor Oman had avoided the gallicism of speaking of "rallying" a force, when he means to imply calling it up, or being joined by it. The word has not this meaning in English. Again, he speaks of a man being "delated," when he means "informed against," or "given up." These are trifling blemishes, but they irritate.

For a typical instance of Professor Oman's power I should refer to his twenty-five pages on Sir Arthur Wellesley. The Duke is there in convincing reality, with all his keen insight, iron probity, indefatigable activity and icy lack of sympathy. He despised the bulk of men, probably, no more sincerely than did Napoleon; but the Emperor had the gift of entering into the hearts of others and there he has remained.

ARTHUR R. ROPES.

A Man of Law and Art

WILLIAM WEIMORE STORY AND HIS FRIENDS. From Letters, Diaries, and Recollections. By Henry James. (Blackwood and Sons. 2 vols. 24s. net.)

HERE is a delightful book about a man whose life was, in the ordinary sense, quite uneventful. By the constant references to him in the letters of many eminent men, particularly eminent Americans, Story is vaguely known to many a reader who has never seen the sculptures which gratified such judges, for example, as Browning. He came to his career of a sculptor in a way the most unpromising, and unparalleled, we should think, in the history of artists, poets or musicians. His father, a cultivated and distinguished American lawyer, Judge of the Supreme Court, destined his son for his own profession. Story graduated successfully at Harvard, produced a poem on the occasion, and then settled down to three years' legal study with his father. He signalled the termination of his studies by publishing a volume of poems, and began active practice in the law-courts, with entire success. Through the remaining years of his father's life he not only persevered in his practice, but produced books on law, which have gone into their six or so editions and become deservedly authoritative. These grave labours he beguiled by the intermittent publication of poetry and criticism, and dabbling in sculpture. So when his father died he was chosen to execute a statue of the Judge—a commission he reluctantly accepted on condition of studying abroad for the purpose. He returned with the art-fever, and threw up everything to become a sculptor, earning the maternal compliment that he was a fool. Another period in Rome was followed by a return to law; only again to go back to Rome and sculpture. But nobody would buy; and he was about finally to resume law, when the Roman Government requested him to let it send two of his statues to the London Universal Exhibition of 1862. As a result, he received from London a eulogy of his sculptures in "The Times" and an offer of three thousand pounds for them. No more law: for the rest of his life he just sculptured, wrote letters, and lived in Rome.

The combination of powers, of the artistic with the practical, and the Goethe-like firmness of will, indicated by such a road to art are astonishing. But that is all; there is no more "life" in the customary sense. Yet the result is a biography of full interest. For in the first place, his Roman residence brought him into contact with a profusion of eminent men, and with many of them he corresponded. In the second place, he has the fortune of Mr. Henry James for a biographer. Mr. James has handled good material in his most personal style, and with the skill of a trained narrator. One does not know whether text or letters be the more captivating. Story lived in a Rome and traversed a Continent still full of vivid interest and notable people; and what he saw with the eye of an artist he recorded, in diary or letters, with the pen of a writer—an infrequent union. He goes to the opera at Berlin, and not only rhapsodises (very well, too) over the "Marriage of Figaro," but notes the Prince of Prussia, who—

Came into his box, pulled out a little comb and brush and began to make use of them for his hair before the whole audience. This is a peculiarity of the Germans everywhere—as soon as they enter a public place, a cafe, or a dining-room.

These are the right things to see; yet who tells them us? He beholds at the same opera the immortal Taglioni, and, alas! sees most disappointing things.

A woman whose ankles were as great as her name flung herself about clumsily enough.

Had his dinner disagreed, or was this the artistic truth about the idol of our grandparents? Or was Story

inappreciative of grand ballet? And Mrs. Story goes to Venice with Goethe, and finds him "too cold for Italy"; "in a gondola he is out of place," she says, "notwithstanding his great artistic genius." Really, these Americans are disillusionising companions! But they rejoice in Goethe's Bettina von Arnim, "artless, plain, wayward, simple, frank, and poetic," who "takes Emelyn by the hand," saying: "You are beautiful. You are lovely." They laugh, and she says: "Is not that English?" Then the letters—charming—Lowells, characteristic Mrs. Brownings, and a feast of Browning letters, which dominate the second volume. And threading all, Mr. James himself, gliding out admirable sketches of Browning's twofold nature and all manner of subtle and taking things. A biography, indeed, with scarce a really dull page.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

The Carlyle Country

THE CARLYLE COUNTRY. With a Study of Carlyle's Life. By J. M. Sloan. (Chapman and Hall.)

CARLYLE told Goethe as a proof of the fame of Burns that "the very inn-windows where he chanced to scribble in idle hours with his versifying and often satirical diamond have all been unglazed, and the scribbled panes sold into distant quarters, there to be hung up in frames." It is perhaps a scarcely less striking proof of his own renown that the photographic reproduction of the bald and prosaic environment of his boyhood should be universally deemed and taken to be a laudable enterprise. Reverence for Carlyle will, it may be hoped and expected, secure a large sale even for views of Ecclefechan, but let no purchaser look for the acquisition of a book of beauty so far as Carlyle's native village is concerned. Other nooks of "the Carlyle country" are fortunately more interesting from a pictorial point of view. Hoddam Bridge, the beechen avenue on the Annan Road, the gleaming river at Templand, the high bare shoulder of hill overmantling Craigenputtock, are attractive to the outward eye, and not only to the inner vision of affection and sympathy. The volume is well provided with portraits. The venerable Carlyle of Whistler and the middle-aged Carlyle of Samuel Laurence authenticate and complete each other; we are also glad to make acquaintance with the noble features of Carlyle's brother John, the translator of Dante, and those of a more distant kinsman, the well-named "Jupiter" Carlyle, of Inveresk, and with the abnormal countenance of an abnormal man, Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe.

The letterpress, nevertheless, is, as it ought to be, the most important and interesting department of the volume. Mr. Sloan is clearly no hireling, his work has been a labour of love to him. The first sight of the substantial volume, we own, alarmed us, but we soon became satisfied that Mr. Sloan's zeal had in no respect outrun his discretion. Full as his book is of matter, it would be difficult to point to anything irrelevant, much less is there any trace of bookmaking. On some minor points we could even have wished for fuller treatment; we should have been glad of a reprint of the fine and little-known metrical paraphrase by William Johnson Fox of a famous passage in "Sartor Resartus" alluded to by Mr. Sloan, and there should have been something more than a mere mention of so remarkable a man as Carlyle's pupil, Charles Buller. It would be most interesting if Carlyle's teaching could be shown to have influenced Buller's career as a colonial reformer, but probably there are no materials for the decision of the question. These matters, after all, are chiefly ornamental; a more serious defect is the imperfection of the index. There are, for example, only four references to Froude, but, although Mr. Sloan wisely avoids controversy, he has not let Mr. Froude off quite so easily.

R. GARNETT.

Criticism and Some Impressions

OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By John Edgar McFadyen. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THE FINGER OF GOD. By T. H. Wright. (Melrose. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE SOURCES OF THE DOCTRINES OF THE FALL AND ORIGINAL SIN. By F. R. Tennant, M.A. (Cambridge University Press. 9s. net.)

THE REPRESENTATIVE MEN OF THE BIBLE. By George Matheson. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

THE first three of these books are concerned with the Higher Criticism. Mr. McFadyen writes in the character of a professor in an American evangelical college. The Christian Church means to him primarily those bodies which subscribe to the Westminster Confession and kindred formularies; and from his temperate and enlightened pages it is made evident that among the descendants of the Reformers of the sixteenth century the time is already past when panic at the results of criticism was felt to justify any means by which it appeared as if the destructive torrent might be stemmed. The Reformation founded itself on the Bible, but it rested in the last analysis on a wider principle—the principle of intellectual freedom. To that the fathers of the movement sacrificed, unwillingly but definitively sacrificed, the older ideal of ecclesiastical unity: as Froude said, the work of the Reformation was done when speculative opinion was declared free. It is the business of Mr. McFadyen and of his school to count up what, after the traditional view has been abandoned, remains to serve for purposes of reconstruction in the debris of Protestant beliefs and opinions. Well, he asks, what after all does it matter if what used to be called the books of Moses are a conflation of several documents, themselves representing the traditional folklore; if the Psalms are the composition of unknown poets; if the Prophets prophesied after the event; if the historical books are inaccurate and at times self-contradictory? Still in some sort these documents represent a unique, an unparalleled, religious consciousness. They picture the growth of a nation's soul that has increased through ages in wisdom and moral stature; that has learned in the furnace of affliction the lesson it has profited the whole world to accept at its hand, and that finds a supreme expression in the life of one whom we style the Son of Man.

It is in reference to Him that the questions raised by historical criticism are debated with heat. It was upon those books of the Old Testament that His knowledge was fed; from which in His ministry He drew the text of His doctrine; on which as on divine credentials His apostles and apologists in a large measure based His claim. And the very documents which purport to give the narrative of His career are subjected to a like process. In "The Finger of God" Mr. Wright, a Scottish clergyman, treats the questions arising out of the "miracles," "powers," and "wonders" of the evangelical story. "Miracles do not happen" is the kind of blank wall against which the projectiles of the apologist make a futile clatter; and the kind of criticism that is called historical, as distinguished from the merely literary, finds in the temper of the people and the atmosphere of the day a seemingly sufficient explanation of the marvels ascribed to Jesus by the tradition enshrined in the Gospels. Mr. Wright is not the first to attempt to turn the flank of the position by an examination of the miracles themselves. These mighty works, where they are reported in detail, are distinguished from mere magic and legerdemain by their moral quality. They are almost solely works of healing; the physician makes a call upon the moral character of the patient; he associates the idea of sickness with sin, and healing follows upon repentance and absolution. The influence of vice, of an evil mind, of an unstrung will, upon the humours of the body is matter of yet incomplete therapeutic inquiry;

that it is a real influence is known fact. To have the mind attuned to the divine law is a condition of bodily well-being. The works of Jesus are "signs of the fuller powers of soul which are proper to mankind when our nature is true to itself by being perfectly submissive to the will of God." Therefore "Greater works than these shall ye do" it was promised to those who thereafter should follow in the Master's footsteps. No magic, therefore, but rather the works of Overman, is in effect the conclusion of Mr. Wright's thoughtful and reverent book.

Mr. Tennant's exhaustive work on the "Fall and Original Sin" is one of those books that, dated from a country rectory, and dedicated to "my wife," touch an Englishman's imagination pleasantly. Perhaps the Rector is the only man in Hockwold who knows the Latin declensions; one pictures him preaching two quite ordinary sermons a week; Hockwold dozing respectfully under the pulpit, and vaguely aware that its spiritual pastor has a power of learning and that his study is lined with books mostly Latin and such. Mr. Tennant in his quiet preface expresses a hope that by his labour some small service may be rendered to the student of doctrine by his pains in collecting together into a small compass the literature, both ancient and modern, dealing with the sources of the Hebrew Fall-story, and with the growth from that narrative of the Jewish and Christian theories concerning the origin and diffusion of human sinfulness. Moreover, to those acquainted with the author's Hulsean Lectures, this volume is indispensable as furnishing the details of their argument. The patience and moderation with which the work is done is exemplified at the end of the first sixty pages, where, after an exhaustive inquiry into the origin of the story of Eden and its parallels—Phœnician, Egyptian, Babylonian, Greek, Iranian, and Indian—we are brought to the modest conclusion that "in the present state of knowledge it is impossible to form a conclusion as to the Fall-story to which finality can attach." Psychologically, however, an origin is easier to conjecture. As middle-age looks back regretfully on youth, so the half-civilised man dreams of a simpler and happier season long before his time. Knowledge begets consciousness of evil; progressive civilisation imposes heavier demands upon the individual will and enforces a wider breach with the state of nature, and it seems as if "he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." The composite legend, whatever its original sources and significance, was laid up for the Chosen People in the land that was promised to their fathers. The genius of the people laid hold upon it, purified and co-ordinated it, and read into it its own sad sense. Through the hands of the long series of the Hebrew thinkers and poets and exegetes, it passed into the hands of Paul, of the Fathers of the Christian Church, receiving from time to time as it travelled a closer application to the ever-insistent problem of human sin and misery, till it was finally shaped by the passionate soul of Augustine.

Dr. Matheson's second instalment of Representative Men includes portraits of Ishmael, Lot, Melchisedek, Balaam, Aaron, Caleb, Boaz, Gideon, Jonathan, Mephibosheth, Jonah, Hezekiah, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel. His method is not so much critical as impressionist. And the impressions of his pretty fancy are prettily sketched. Read the story of Balaam as you have it here, and you will understand Balaam better. But you need not (unless you wish it) follow Dr. Matheson in the little address to the Deity, wherein, at the end of the story, he declares: "Thy rays are Röntgen rays; they pass through my fleshly barriers, they detect my secret wounds."

THE A BECKETTS OF "PUNCH." By Arthur William à Beckett. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

GENIAL memories written in a genial style, chatty table-talk, such as might be expected from so genial a conversationalist as Mr. Arthur à Beckett. The author

may be said to have been brought up on "Punch" and to have lived on "Punch," and in his book of memories "Punch" looms largely and brightly. There are plenty of good stories, plenty of pleasant gossip, plenty of kindly reminiscence; everyone interested in the history of journalism should read Mr. Arthur à Beckett's volume.

The author worked on the staff of "Punch" for twenty-eight years, so is able to provide us with many glimpses of the famous Round Table and those who sat at it, able also out of his abundant store of memories to tell us tales of Douglas Jerrold, Thackeray, Leech, Albert Smith and many other famous brothers of the quill.

PLATONISM IN ENGLISH POETRY OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES. By John Smith Harrison. (Columbia University Press. 8s.)

THIS volume deals with a very interesting subject, and does so with knowledge and clearness. Few have any idea to what extent the poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was permeated by the influence of Plato and his disciples—whether the ancient or modern Neo-Platonists. Yet in this book Mr. Harrison reckons among the Platonisers—Spenser, Sidney, Milton, Drayton, and the two Henries—Vaughan and More; Drummond, Norris, Phineas Fletcher, even (to some extent) George Herbert; and this does not exhaust the list. Nor need the author have ceased with the seventeenth century. He might have carried his study down to modern times. Our materialistic age has not been favourable to poetic Platonism, while the eighteenth century was fatal to it. Still, we can point to Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, and Coventry Patmore, in all of whom it is diversely visible; if perhaps Blake should not be added to the number. But the blossom-time of Platonism was certainly the two centuries treated by Mr. Harrison.

Some poems of Spenser are obviously Platonic; such as the Hymns to Beauty. But Mr. Harrison shows that Platonism is the very fibre of Spenser, and runs throughout the "Faery Queene." In Milton it not only dictates such things as the beautiful speech on chastity in "Comus," but appears in the very utterances of Satan himself. Nay, even Ben Jonson (unlikeliest of men) has slightly Platonic passages in the Masques, such as the admirable lines

beginning: "How near to good is what is fair." Shakespeare himself is found using Platonic expressions in the Sonnets. In truth, a detailed examination almost convinces one that the entire poetry of the Elizabethan age was a blossom from the grave of Plato. That is excessive, of course. But what does remain is that all these poets perceived the connection between their art and philosophy; how immensely the best poetry gains by a philosophic basis. And, in a day when this truth is hardly recognised, it is well that a book like Mr. Harrison's should bring it home to us.

GLORIA. By the Hon. Stephen Coleridge. (George Bell and Sons. 2s.)

MR. STEPHEN COLERIDGE has the advantage of a great name which seems to confer a kind of prescriptive and hereditary title to poetry and at any rate ensures from the hardened reviewer a wish to believe, a reluctance to condemn. Beyond this, Mr. Coleridge has in himself a graceful culture, a sense of form, and a delicate vein of sentiment. But with the hereditary name he has not succeeded to the hereditary inspiration—which, for that matter, his great namesake enjoyed but seldom and fitfully. There is no originality of idea; there is a lack of what Rossetti called central brain-substance.

Far up the river through the sunny meadows,
Heaven and earth attending on her beauty,
Gloria floats reclining like a Dryad
Lost, in a daydream.

Long as the blazing noon is passing westward
Under the trees we sit among the fern-brakes,
There of the world forgetful and forgotten
Plucking the lotus.

There in the evening down the peaceful waters
Homeward we glide with peaceful rhythmic splashing,
Gloria silent, by the tangled woodwalks
Sweetly dishevelled.

Like to this any cultivated student of poetry can write, with nowise exceptional feeling. There is nothing to blame but also nothing specially to commend. It is facile and customarily accomplished verse. At that we must leave it.

Fiction

THE HEART OF ROME. By Francis Marion Crawford. (Macmillan. 6s.)

IN his stories of modern Italy Mr. Crawford is easily master of his environment and in his earlier work he used his effective background as the appropriate setting to dramas of convincing passion. Of late years, however, his facile pen has grown languid and his style lacks its former tenseness. "The Heart of Rome" has a motive which is at once characteristic of the conditions of modern Rome and capable of fine dramatic developments. The downfall of the house of Conti is well suggested and the atmosphere of the ancient palace, with its mouldering magnificence, rendered with real skill. The search for hidden treasure in the palace vaults is conventional enough, but a new and significant element is introduced in the "lost water" which flows beneath Rome in forgotten conduits and occasionally floods the foundations of her buildings. The "lost water" is the fate of the story, affording an impressive scene when Sabino Conti and Malipieri, the young engineer and archaeologist, are imprisoned together in the underground chamber beside the disinterred statues. The situation is suggestive of sombre and tragic issues and even when the captives emerge, it is only to new complications. The author, however, is in a comfortably optimistic mood, and solves his problem by the

simplest and least dramatic of expedients. The romance is a pleasant one and the happy lovers are worthy of their happiness, but it must be confessed that Rome's dark secret waters, antique walls and long-entombed deities form a background too august for an idly agreeable love-story.

HETTY WESLEY. By A. T. Quiller-Couch. (Harper. 6s.)

THE story which Mr. Quiller-Couch has here set forth certainly deserved all the care and faculty of adjustment which he has bestowed upon it. The book is practically a vindication of the only one of the Wesley sisters—indeed, of the Wesley family—who came to grief and her fault was the one which, once discovered, society and convention can least forgive. But in Mr. Quiller-Couch's pages all our sympathy is with Hetty, the cleverest and most beautiful of the daughters of that Samuel Wesley who was Rector of Epworth, the father of John and Charles, and a man of the narrowest and hardest Christianity. The author's vindication, on the facts here presented, is perfectly successful. We see the effect of miserable surroundings and an iron tyranny upon a mind pining for freedom and a body thrilling with life; then comes the nameless and unworthy lover, bringing the promise of happiness and honest freedom; and there follows the

bitter awakening and the return of the woman who has given all for a lie. The expiation, if expiation it be, is terrible, for on the strength of an unrealised and sudden oath that she would take any man who would make her honest, she is forced by her father into marriage with a Lincoln tinker. In the chapters dealing with her relations with this man the author has produced excellent work—work full of tenderness, real tragedy and a beauty which shines serenely through weakness and terror.

The manner of the book is excellent. Mr. Quiller-Couch's English is always good to read and on the whole a difficult task has been accomplished with success and discretion. Our sympathy with the Rector of Epworth is not so great as the author's seems to be nor can we quite reconcile ourselves to the mother whose battles for her children are so consistently ineffective. The Wesley household was a dreary and forbidding one for the rearing of children, yet it produced two great men and two entirely human daughters. After all, the system must have had its merits.

THE LONG NIGHT. By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans & Co. 6s.)

IN Mr. Stanley Weyman's new novel the author has reached an artistic level of historical romance, which, with the exception of a few of his best short stories, he has hardly attained before. Even the warmest admirers of Mr. Weyman will probably admit that up to the present he has not attempted the fine subtleties either of portraiture or plot, and has thrilled his readers rather by the clash of steel than by the warm conflict of hearts. In "The Long Night," however, Mr. Weyman has undoubtedly succeeded in getting closer to the eternal verities of human nature and, while not sacrificing the glamour of adventurous romance, has deepened its effect upon the imagination by basing his narrative upon the mastery of mind over mind and the influences of human weaknesses and passion. It is a story of old Geneva in the days when its name stood as a symbol of freedom, the freedom of the individual as against the tyranny of State and Church in the world outside its walls. "The city," as Mr. Weyman says, "was the outpost southwards of the Reformed religion and the Reformed learning; it sowed its ministers over half Europe, and when they went they spread abroad not only its doctrines but its praise and honour." Yet this isolated position of liberal thought was a dangerous thing to keep and to guard and the town was surrounded with enemies who by fair means or foul were determined to take down the pride and destroy the independence of those Genevan burghers. Mr. Weyman has made splendid use of this situation, and in the daring plot of Savoy to get possession of the town he provides a narrative of romantic and adventurous interest. The arch-plotter in this political drama is one Basterga, who is indeed a very Machiavelli in his cunning knowledge of the human heart. The subtle way in which he works upon the honour, or dishonour, of the man who has the safe-keeping of the city in his charge is told with consummate skill and is probably the finest portrait of a clever scoundrel yet achieved by Mr. Weyman's pen. Nor has the author failed in his special aptitude for evolving dramatic situations. The whole atmosphere of the tale is delightful in its mediæval spirit and one follows the adventures of the young student who comes to Geneva to study theology but learns instead the lessons of love, and villainy, and war, with unflagging interest and pleasure.

THE CAPTAIN'S TOLL-GATE. By Frank R. Stockton. (Cassell. 6s.)

THE scene of Mr. Stockton's last story is laid in old Virginia, which had been his home for some years before his death. Two miles from the town of Glenford was the turnpike-gate and the toll-house with the covered doorway, where lived Captain Asher of the Merchant Service. He

kept the toll because it "brought him in touch with the world," and although he had commanded a ship, he did not care for appearances. When the story opens, his niece had come to the toll-house on a visit, and the narrative is concerned with certain affairs of the heart. The suitors for the hand of Olive Asher include a Professor of Theoretical Mathematics, an Austrian diplomat, and a poet—"He called himself a practical poet because he made a regular business of it." The incidents of these several wooings are related with quiet humour and with the simplicity of diction by which Mr. Stockton's writings have always been distinguished.

In the sympathetic memorial sketch which Mrs. Stockton contributes to the volume we learn, without surprise, that the author was "the most lovable of men. He shed happiness all around him, not from conscious effort but out of his own bountiful and loving nature."

THE LADIES OF THE MANOR. By G. B. Burgin. (Richards. 6s.)

THE critic who finds in his hands a novel by Mr. Burgin is irresistibly impelled to adopt the practice of less sophisticated persons and to begin his perusal of it by a glance at the last page. When, as in the present instance, he finds the chapter heading to be "The Old Story," and the closing words, "'Gloug-gloug!' sang the bird, as Marion trembled to him," he may confidently recommend the book to Mr. Burgin's many readers with the assurance that they will not be disappointed. Indeed, in order that there should be no possibility of mistake about the matter the author has inscribed upon his title-page these words from Mr. W. S. Gilbert:—

"And so
The round of love runs through our lives."

The story opens at an English country house with a conversation between a somewhat cynical dowager and her friend Enid Smythe, whose "one flight of imagination was to call herself Smythe instead of Smith." These ladies, discussing the matter in an epigrammatic way, decide that the dowager must marry again, and the first book describes how she set her cap at the lord of the manor, who, being converted by her from the principles of Schopenhauer, found his ultimate consolation elsewhere. There is a touch of drama about the deaths, soon after their marriage, of Marcus Pendragon and his wife, whose twin-daughters are the ladies of the title. In the second book Mr. Burgin again takes us to the region of Lake Winnipeg, and it is not until half way through the novel and twenty years after their birth, that we make the acquaintance of Pendragon's daughters. The scene of their adventures is in England, and the destiny of one of them has already been indicated by a quotation.

THE STOLEN EMPEROR. By Mrs. Hugh Fraser. (John Long. 6s.)

IN her latest novel Mrs. Fraser has gone for inspiration to the early days of Japanese history, to the insecurity of a throne, to the intrigues of a court. The background for this story of ambition and primitive passion is full of colour; the sights and sounds of Japanese life so well known to the authoress are brought vividly before the reader. The atmosphere of the Palace, "where so many hearts had broken, so many splendid shadows passed away," is convincingly conveyed, while the interest of the plot is sustained to the very end. The action of the story is not particularly original or striking, but it is never dull; it concerns itself with the kidnapping of the one-year old Emperor and his mother and their detention in a dilapidated fortress. How the Emperor was saved by the fidelity and sacrifice of little Sudzu, the peasant girl, is

charmingly told. In the character of the Empress-Mother Mrs. Fraser has drawn the portrait of a noble woman. Perhaps the author is at her best in her descriptions of the peasant folk and the little cottage in the wood, "where autumn's red wine was spilt on the leafage and the tents of the maple were spread in cold scarlet over the mountain side." A story that deserves to be popular.

UP SIDE STREETS. By W. Pett Ridge. (Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.)

MR. PETT RIDGE is still coquetting with his undoubted ability. He is marking time. He is doing thumbnail sketches when he might be writing masterpieces. He is wasting his observation, his keen sense of humour, his characterisation and above all his real sympathy, wasting them in the merest tittle-tattle of suburban emotion and side street side lights. He very obviously understands third class humanity, he fully grasps their point of view and he never draws an unlovable portrait; but the horizon deliberately chosen is restricted.

The present volume includes some twenty sketches, and "things seen," but scarcely a story. The matter is of unequal quality. An amusing dialogue is found in "On Furlough," which gives the merest glimpse of a servant girl from a big London establishment on a visit to a country aunt. "And do you mean to say, my dear, that they really dress, these young ladies of yours, in this low-necked fashion every evening of their lives?" "Every evening," replied the girl. "Sundays and all?" "Sundays and all." "Gentlemen present?" "Gentlemen present." "Well, well, well, well," and so on.

In the way of a story, "Mr. and Mrs. Ranger" is the best, and the argumentative wife is done to a nicety. Also in "Repairing the Breech" there is a good scene where the defendant of a breach of promise action accidentally meets the plaintiff in an A. B. C. shop, and by a fresh proposal on an entirely new basis is released from paying the £100 damages previously incurred. "Inimitable" is the epithet which best describes Mr. Pett Ridge's method.

LITTLEDOM CASTLE AND OTHER TALES. By Mrs. M. H. Spielmann. (Routledge. 5s.)

A BOOK which will bring joy to many a household. First there is the delightful purple cover, with its Moon Fairy in gold. The thrill of delight which such a cover alone can convey to an imaginative child is a sensation not to be despised. Then there are the pictures, and when these are drawn by such artists as Phil May, Hugh Thomson, Kate Greenaway, and C. Wilhelm, to mention only some of the illustrators, visions grave and gay, dainty and comic, are instantly suggested. The hint of delightful mystery suggested by the Moon Fairy on the cover is amply fulfilled in the fays, light as thistledown, who attend the chariot of His Majesty of the Sun, in the story of that name. These stories should appeal to catholic tastes, for every sort of sprite is to be encountered in the Castle of Littledom, from the somewhat materialistic Doll-fairy to the lovely lady of mist and stars and flowers, in "The Magic Garret." Mrs. Spielmann is no less to be congratulated on the making of a charming book than the happy children who will read it.

THE National Home Reading Union, an admirable institution, is entering with ardour upon its winter campaign. The magazine of the Union contains contributions from such well-known writers as Prof. J. K. Laughton, Joseph B. Gilder and Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh.

THE October issue of "The Ancestor" will contain "English Counts of the Empire," by Mr. J. Horace Round, and "The Jacksons in Ireland," by Sir Edmund T. Bewley.

Short Notices

General

BOOKS FROM AN OLD BOOKSHOP. By R. M. Williamson. (Simpkin Marshall. Cloth 1s., paper 6d.)

DEDICATED "to all lovers of books," this small volume chants the pleasures of book-selling. The author chats pleasantly of how he became a bookseller, of the value of old books, of some eccentric customers and of the twopenny box.

THE LIFE OF THE STATE. By Geraldine Hodgson. (Marshall. 2s. 6d.)

THE contents of this book was delivered originally as lectures to the girls of the Godolphin School, Salisbury. The aim of the writer, a pupil of Dr. Sidgwick, is to enforce what Locke calls "Man's indispensable Duty to do all the service he can to his country." Painstaking and clearly expressed.

DE L'EDUCATION DES FEMMES, par Choderlos de Laclos, auteur des "Liaisons dangereuses," avec introduction par Ed. Champion, et des notes inédites de Charles Baudelaire. (Paris, 1903. Librairie Léon Vanier.)

A CURIOUS little document, written about 1790, hitherto preserved as a manuscript in the National Library of Paris. Mainly devoted to the physical advantages of the "natural woman" as against the product of civilisation, particularly from a primitive medical point of view. Probably notes for a more extended work on similar lines. Charles Baudelaire's comments are of little importance. Most carefully and seriously edited by M. Ed. Champion.

LA SARABANDE. By M. Léon Vallée, Librarian of the National Library, Paris. (Published by H. Welter, 4 rue Bernard-Palissy. 1903. 2 vols.)

A COMPREHENSIVE "common-place" book containing anecdotes, *bons mots*, songs, epigrams, epitaphs, reflections, and occasional verses, collected from forgotten authors and out-of-the-way books, from the fifteenth century to our own times. The quaint and charming result of many years' delving in a glorious library by an ardent book-lover. A treasure of reference for bibliophiles. Curious juxtapositions: a verse by Clement Marot, for instance, followed by a very modern after-dinner story.

L'ÂME ESSENTIELLE. Poems by René Arcos. (Paris: La Maison des Poètes, 46 rue du Faubourg-Saint-Denis. 1903.)

A NEW poet, whose verse has much charm, originality, and musical cadence. M. Arcos has unusual command of metre and a gentle flow of rhythm, perhaps suggested by, but certainly not imitated from, Stéphane Mallarmé. The cycle of poems entitled "L'âme des fleurs" is exceptionally happy, redolent of the suggestive perfume of the garden. A delicate book by a genuine poet.

THE BEST OF THE FUN, 1891-1897. By Captain E. Pennell-Elmhirst, Author of "The Cream of Leicestershire," &c. (Chatto and Windus.)

CHEERY hunting gossip of the shires, Ireland, and abroad; written by a sportsman for sportsmen—and women. The author has hunted with most of the best packs in England and the sister isle, and divides the palm (or the brush) between the Pytcheley and the Tipperary. He also tells of his sport in the Rockies, and of a good run at Long Island, New York. The title is taken from Whyte Melville's well-known verse. Excellent coloured illustrations by G. D. Giles, who can draw both horse and hound. Altogether, an invaluable book for a hunting man's library.

Reprints and New Editions

THE SECOND TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX. (Methuen & Co. 3s. 6d. net. The Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books.)

In this volume of the series the publisher maintains the same high level of excellence. The twenty-four illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson are admirably reproduced.

a KIDNAPPED, b CATRIONA. By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Cassell & Co. Leather 3s., cloth 2s. net.)

Two small volumes, pleasant to the touch and to the eye. They are sure to find a warm welcome from every lover of Stevenson.

a THE YELLOW ROSE ANTHOLOGY, b THE WHITE ROSE ANTHOLOGY, c THE RED ROSE ANTHOLOGY. "Roses of Parnassus." (Brimley Johnson. In white Japanese vellum, the set in case, 4s. net. In paper folding, 6d. each, net.)

THESE three anthologies are Lyrics of Love Forlorn, Lyrics of Reverential Love, and Lyrics of the Joy of Love: three dainty volumes admirably printed. The three volumes in their case would make a charming Christmas gift.

IN MEMORIAM. By Lord Tennyson. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE distinction of this volume is the analysis and notes by Charles Mansford, B.A. The latter are lucid and leave nothing to be desired.

Fiction

THE TWINS OF SKIRLAUGH HALL. By Emma Brooke. (Hurst and Blackett. 6s.)

HERE we have the story of two girls, twins, antagonistic from birth, who reproduce in their appearances and in the events of their lives an old family legend concerning two remote ancestors of ill-fame, of whom a painting hangs on the wall of a disused room. Whether these two ancestors revisited the earth in the shape of the twins and again played their part in a tragedy of love and madness, or whether the apparent resemblance in their lives was the result of morbidity and suggestion acting on weak brains, the author does not decide for us. That is why, we suppose, she describes the story as "a mystery." A curious but interesting book.

MR. PAGE'S WILD OATS. By Charles Eddy. (Edward Arnold. 6s.)

MR. PAGE did not sow his wild oats until rather late in life, not indeed until after his forty-fifth birthday. Then, one day he realised that his hair was growing grey and his face wrinkled, and suddenly his very respectable life, as a churchwarden and householder in Streatham, seemed dull and colourless. So he proceeded to enjoy life by becoming the "cash box" of a music-hall artist, and scandalising all the good folk of Streatham. A bright amusing story with which to beguile a dull hour.

"GEORGE SAVILE." By Charles Moray. (John Long. 6s.)

AN interesting and careful study of two men. Erskine and Savile are the two remaining branches of an old ancestral tree, one in possession of large property, the other, comparatively poor, but with a large store of cynicism. In the Savile family there is the inheritance of an obscure form of brain disease, which gives rise to some striking chapters, but does not materially affect the story. The surface cynicism of the one man is rubbed off by contact with the finer, simpler, nature of the other. Erskine saw that in "acting on a low estimation of those we love we lower and degrade them by doing so, thus never possessing the best love of those who love us best." A distinctly clever book.

ALADDIN O'BRIEN. By Gouverneur Morris. (Cassell. 6s.)

WHEN we first make his acquaintance, Aladdin is a little boy with a temperament and a sweetheart. His father, an inventor, is soon afterwards blown to pieces, and Aladdin is left an orphan. He becomes a poet and journalist, but when the American Civil War breaks out shoulders arms for the North. Aladdin the boy is much more convincing than Aladdin the man, and the first part of the book gives great promise which is not quite fulfilled. Nevertheless, the writing is fresh and buoyant, and, in places, the author rises to a high level.

TEA-TABLE TALK. By Jerome K. Jerome. (Hutchinson. 2s. 6d.)

EASY up-to-date philosophy from the lips of the Philosopher, the Girt-on Girl, the Old Maid, the Minor Poet, and a Woman of the World. Brightly written in Mr. Jerome's characteristic vein. "What becomes, I wonder," mused the Philosopher, "of the thoughts that are never spoken? We know that in Nature nothing is wasted: the very cabbage is immortal, living again in altered form." The Philosopher does not inquire what becomes of the printed thoughts on men and things.

A WOMAN AGAINST THE WORLD. By George Griffith. (F. V. White & Co. 6s.)

IN the opening chapter "A Woman Against the World" is leaning against the railings of St. Sepulchre's Churchyard waiting for the black flag to be hoisted announcing the execution of her innocent millionaire husband. This is only mildly sensational compared with the rest of the book, which relates the wild adventures of the same woman turned pirate on the high seas. Sensationalism run mad.

MEMOIRS OF A CHILD. By Annie Steger Winston. (Longmans. 2s. 6d. net.)

"UPON the whole, it is needless to say, the child received the world at its face value, quite in the primordial way. Whatever looked flat or round was flat or round, even after she was more or less aware of the Copernican theory. And her attitude to nature was also primitive, tinged with instinctive fetishism," and so on.

New Books Received

THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

- Whitley (W. T.), Church, Ministry, and Sacraments in the New Testament (Kingsgate Press) 3/6
Williams (Rev. T. Rhonda), God's Open Doors (Black) net 3/6
Mackrell (Mrs. Percival), compiled by, Hymns of the Christian Centuries (Allen)
Morrison (Rev. G. H.), Sun-Rise: Addresses from a City Pulpit (Hodder and Stoughton) 5/0
Isancon (Rev. Charles Stuteville), compiled and edited by, Rome in Many Lands (Religious Tract Society) 2/6
Webster (Augusta), Life (Henderson) net 0/3
The Agnostic Annual (Watts) 0/6

POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES.

- By "Officer," Smith of the Shamrock Guards. A Drama (Greening) 2/6
Kraus (Horatio Sheafe), Irish Life in Irish Fiction (Columbia University Press)
Root (Robert Kilburn), Classical Mythology in Shakespeare (Holt) 3/0
Allsopp (Henry), The Voice of One: A Book of Poems (Watts) net 3/0
Acheson (Arthur), Shakespeare and the Rival Poet (Lane) net 5/0
Torrence (Ridgely), El Dorado. A Tragedy () net 3/6
Spiers (Kaufmann C.), Guido and Veronica, and Other Poems (Nutt) 1/0
The Babelot, Vol. IX., No. 10 (Moeller) 5 c.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

- Sloan (J. M.), The Carlyle Country (Chapman and Hall)
Vitellscchi (The Marchese), A Court in Exile. 2 vols. (Hutchinson) net 21/0
Joyce (P. W.), A Social History of Ancient Ireland. 2 vols. (Longmans) net 21/0
Morgan (Henry James), edited by, Types of Canadian Women, Vol. I. (Briggs)
Crockett (W. S.) and Caw (James L.), Sir Walter Scott (Hodder) net 1/0
Parker (Gilbert) and Bryan (Claude G.), Old Quebec. (Macmillan) net 15/0
Gower (Lord Ronald Sutherland), Records and Reminiscences. (Murray) net 18/6
Lee (J. Fitzgerald), The Greater Exodus. (Stock) net 2/6
Foglietta (Uberto), The Sieges of Nicosia and Famagusta in Cyprus (Waterlow)

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- Duprat (Prof. G. L.), Morals: A Treatise on the Psycho-Sociological Bases of Ethics (Scott) 6/0
Schiller (F. C. S.), Humanism: Philosophical Essays. (Macmillan) net 8/6

ART.

- Orr (Munro S.), Twelve Drawings of Familiar Characters in Fiction and Remembrance (Dent) net 12/6

MISCELLANEOUS.

- Davidson (John), A Rosary (Richards) net 5/0
Kitson (Arthur), The Money Problem (Richards) 3/6
The Case Against the Protective Taxation of Food and Raw Material (Unionist Free Food League) 1/0
Official Guide to the London and North-Western Railway (Cassell) 1/0
Gibbs (Philip), Knowledge is Power (Arnold) 3/6
Warren (Mark), The Great Trade of the Nations (King) 0/6
An Ethical Calendar (Watts) net 1/6
Javier (Thomas A.), The Christmas Kalends of Provence. (Harper)
Darwin (Major Leonard), Municipal Trade (Murray) net 12/0
Book-Prices Current, Vol. XVII. (Stock) net 27/6
Sykes (Arthur A.), Mr. Punch's Museum (Bradbury) 3/6
The Heliquery, Vol. IX. New Series (Hemrose) net 12/0

JUVENILE.

- Sergeant (Adeline), Alison's Ordeal (Nisbet), 5/0; Rountree (Harry), The Child's Book of Knowledge (Richards), 3/6; Wylie (Jean), Hop o' my Thumb (Richards), 2/6; Appleton (Honor C.), Dumpy Proverbs (Richards), 1/6; Archer (Jean C.), Fishy-Winkle (Richards), 1/6; Belloc (H.) and B. T. B., The Bad Child's Book of Beasts (Duckworth), net 1/0; Siebel (Gerald), The Rubbish Alphabet (Sonnenschein), net 1/0; Everett-Green (Evelyn), The Castle of the White Flag (Nelson), 5/0; Bevan (Tom), Beggars of the Sea (Nelson), 3/6; Everett-Green (Evelyn), Cambria's Chieftain (Nelson), 3/6; Poynter (H. May), A Fair Jacobite (Nelson), 2/6; Isabel's Secret (Nelson), 2/0; Greene (Hon. Mrs.), On Angels' Wings (Nelson), 1/6; Haverfield (E. L.), Daddy's Lad (Nelson), 1/6; Scott (Florence M. S.) and Hodge (Alma), The Round Tower (Nelson), 1/6; Eady (K. M. and R.), Riverton Bays (Nelson), 1/6; Ballantyne (R. M.), The Coral Island (Nelson), 1/0; Avery (Harold), The House on the Moor (Nelson), 1/0; Silver Bubbles. A New Book of Nursery Rhymes (Nelson), 3/6; Our Dogs (Nelson), 2/0; The Book of Horses (Nelson), 1/0; The Doll's House (Nelson), 0/6; A.B.C. of Games and Toys (Nelson), 0/6; Crackers (Nelson), 0/3; Bible Stories (Nelson), 0/3; Leighton (Robert), The Haunted Ship (Melrose), 5/0; Mende (L. T.), The Manor School (Chambers), 6/0; Mack (Louise), Girls Together (Melrose), 3/6; Mack (Louise), Teens (Melrose), 3/6; Leighton (Robert), Fighting Fearful Odds (Melrose), 3/6; Gay. By the Author of "Ladlie," &c. (Chambers), 3/6; Pears (Chas.), Mr. Punch's New Book for Children ("Punch" Office), 6/0; Kempson (F. Claude), The Sad End of Eric's Blackamoor (Arnold), 3/6.

FICTION.

- * "A Deal in Wheat," by Frank Norris (Richards); "The Love-Thirst of Elaine," by S. J. Adair Fitz-Gerald (Greening); "When It was Dark," by Guy Thorne (Greening); "The Squire," by E. L. Haverfield (Allen); "A Man's Mirror," by Emily Pearson Finemore (Cassell); "The Yellow Van," by Richard Whiteing (Hutchinson); "Barham Brocklebank, M.D.," by M. Betham-Edwards (Hurst and Blackett); "Stepping Blindfold," by T. W. Speight (Chatto); "The Bayswater Miracle," by Frank Richardson (Chatto); "Cross Purposes," by Jean Merivale (Stock); "Jemima," by Ella MacMahon (Chapman and Hall); "The Old-Job Man," by Oliver Onions (Murray); "The Black Monk," by Anton Tchekhoff (Duckworth); "The River of Vengeance," by P. L. Oliphant (Arnold); "The Boy, Some Horses and a Girl," by Dorothea Conyers (Arnold).

NEW EDITIONS.

- Stevenson (Robert Louis), Kidnapped (Pocket Edition) (Cassell), net 2/0; Stevenson (Robert Louis), Catriona (Pocket Edition) (Cassell), net 2/0; Tennyson's In Memoriam (Sonnenschein), net 2/4; Evans (Sebastian), Translated from the Old French by, The High History of the Holy Grail (Dent), net 10/6; Freeman (Edward A.), The Historical Geography of Europe (Longmans), 12/6; Freeman (Edward A.), Atlas to the Historical Geography of Europe (Longmans), 4/6; Humphrey (William), Conscience and Law (Baker), net 3/0; Carey (Rosa Nonchette), Rue with a Difference (Macmillan), 3/6; Halldom (M. Y.), Tales of the Wonder Club (First Series) (Burleigh), 6/0; Dante, The New Life: Translated and Illustrated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti (Ellis and Elvey); Malory (Sir Thomas), The Story of Elaine (Currys), net 1/0; Keats (John), The Eve of St. Agnes (Curtis), net 1/0.

PERIODICALS.

- Critic, Forum, Art, Church Quarterly, Musical Review, Journal of the Society of Comparative Legislation, Mind, Girl's Realm, Essex Review, London.

The Composer of "The Apostles"

PERHAPS the most remarkable fact in the career of Dr. Elgar, the production of whose new oratorio, "The Apostles," has been the musical event of the week, is the circumstance that as a composer he has been almost entirely self taught. Probably no other musician of like standing ever mastered his art with so little assistance from set instructors. The amount of actual instruction which he received in harmony, composition and the rest was virtually nil. "Alone I did it" might be the boast of the composer who has acquired so astonishing a mastery over all the resources of his art: and perhaps it may be reckoned not the least of the advantages which he enjoyed that he succeeded thus in escaping the blighting influence of instruction on accepted academic lines. Beethoven, we know, resented the counsels of Haydn, Schubert as he neared his end meditated a course of training without the help of which he had produced his divinest works, Weinlig shook his head over the earliest efforts of his pupil, Richard Wagner. Who shall say that the "Dream of Gerontius" would have come to us in its present form if its composer had in the beginning worked his three years in Tenterden Street or Prince Consort Road. Had Dr. Elgar taken his degree at one or the other of the colleges he might conceivably have been one of our musical knights to-day; but it is exceedingly doubtful if, even so, the world at large would have taken as much interest in his music.

Like so many of the great composers, Dr. Elgar came of a musical stock, and from his infancy was reared in a musical atmosphere. His father was an excellent violinist and in addition for nearly forty years an organist in Worcester. One of his uncles was also an organist and an excellent viola player, while the composer's own brother is a capital violinist and a first-rate conductor. As a boy young Elgar would sit by his father's side, Sunday after Sunday, in the organ loft, occasionally taking his place at the keyboard—what time he diligently perfected his musical education in other directions by devouring every text-book on which he could lay hands, studying unceasingly the compositions of all the masters, reducing scores for the pianoforte and so on. He played, too, the violin and the bassoon as well as the piano and the organ, and wrote copiously on his own account, beside cultivating his mind in other ways by reading any books which he could obtain, even to such things as Baker's "Chronicles" and Drayton's "Polyolbion." Wherefore he remains to this day one of the least "shoppy" and most liberal minded of living musicians, with interests innumerable outside and beyond his art.

But as to the profession he should pursue there was never much doubt. Like Schumann he did indeed try the law for a time, but music soon claimed her own, though at first without seeming to offer very much in return. The post of bandmaster to the County Lunatic Asylum was not particularly congenial, nor did the young musician's violin teaching bring in an income of a very princely character, even when supplemented by quadrilles at five shillings a set and Christy Minstrel "arrangements" at eighteen-pence each, which he wrote in the former of these capacities. None the less, Dr. Elgar does say that his experiences with that asylum band—it should be

explained perhaps that it was the attendants and not the inmates who were the performers—laid the foundation of his knowledge of orchestral instruments. Later he became a member of Stockley's famous orchestra at Birmingham (by which, just about twenty years ago, one of his earliest orchestral works was given in public), while in 1885 he succeeded his father as organist of St. George's Roman Catholic Church, Worcester. This position he held till 1889, since when he has occupied no official post. He continued his teaching engagements, however, for some time and incidentally made his way to London to try his fate—to find, however, that London had nothing for him. Whereupon he betook himself to the Midlands once more and settled down at Malvern, where he has since resided. Meanwhile he had married, in 1889, the only daughter of the late Major-General Sir Henry Gee Roberts, K.C.B., on her mother's side a descendant of the celebrated Robert Raikes, who founded Sunday Schools.

Meanwhile, too, in Wagner's famous phrase, he had been piling silent score on silent score, winning thereby plentiful compliments from his intimates, but vainly seeking wider recognition. Then in 1896 his cantata "King Olaf" was produced at the Hanley Festival, and if fame and fortune were not precisely his forthwith he gained thereby immediate attention and was enabled from that time forward to secure at least a respectful hearing for whatsoever he produced. And with this he had accomplished all that was requisite to his ultimate success. "King Olaf" was followed by "The Banner of St. George," "Caractacus" and those now far-famed "Variations on an Original Theme"; while in 1900 his "Dream of Gerontius," produced at the Birmingham Musical Festival of that year, overtopped all that he had previously accomplished. For eight years off and on Dr. Elgar laboured at his wonderful setting of Newman's famous poem, and the words "This is the best of me," with which he is said to have inscribed the score, have been heartily endorsed by the world at large.

Everyone knows the unlimited admiration which has been awakened by that masterly creation, not only at home but likewise in Germany, where an exaggerated value is not commonly attached to the productions of British composers. In this respect, indeed, Dr. Elgar stands alone among our native masters. His music has excited the interest and gained the homage of the outside world as has none other produced within these islands since perhaps the days of Henry Purcell. Composers we possess in plenty; but the world at large has steadily declined to recognise their claims to greatness. It is perhaps the most notable of all Dr. Elgar's achievements that he has changed all this, and by the sheer force of his original and independent genius—in the teeth, as one may say, of traditional disbelief and prejudice—has compelled attention to his art. As to his latest creation it is too soon at present to attempt anything in the nature of a final verdict. A competent authority has declared indeed that he gives the critical public ten years in which fully to apprehend its greatness. Enough for the moment to note that it has required at least no such length of time to discover its claims to the most serious consideration.

HUGH SCOTT.

"Emmy Lou"

ONE of the most popular books of the day, and one which has had a wide magazine circulation throughout Great Britain and the United States, had a beginning which speaks as much for the heart and mind of a prominent American publisher as for the industry and literary instinct of the author. The latter, a girl then just in her twenties, wrote some stories

of child life. They were sent to various American publishers or juvenile periodicals, but in most cases came back, declined with thanks. Being young, and persistent, the writer continued to work a little on each manuscript as it came back, condensing, polishing, and occasionally adding slightly to the text. Eventually her brother, also a writer, induced her to submit one of the

sketches to a very great New York publisher. She felt abashed at the seeming audacity of such a thing, so was not at all surprised at the return of her precious packet, but inside was something which did surprise her—a personal note from the great man himself, in which he offered sound advice on the treatment of her subject, asked her to rewrite the story and then let him see it. The week that followed was one of hard but enthusiastic work for the happy girl, after which the manuscript was again started on its long journey to New York. Then came a long period of waiting, to be relieved one day by a curt note enclosing a most astonishing cheque, with a request for the author to call upon the editor whenever she went to New York.

In the meantime a few others of her short stories had been accepted by editors of small children's periodicals, whose rate of pay was even smaller in proportion than their publications. She worked on with a feeling that success was now certain. But she was not strong, and one day came the doctor's orders for a rest and change of air and scene. This was her opportunity to go to New York. The sea was there, and the change, and also—the editor.

So it happened that a very sweet, but somewhat pale and frightened young lady waited with quickened pulse at the great editorial door, having sent in her card to the man who judged the great and the small.

Someone told her to enter the sanctum. At first she hardly dared look at the man who rose to greet her; then a kindly voice said something, there was a cordial grip of the hand, and the author of "Emmy Lou" found herself seated before one who seemed such an old friend, that in a moment she was chatting away as gaily as she did later in describing the event, without even having time to wonder what had become of her embarrassment. Little by little he drew out her story, all but the illness, which she did not mention. In the end she averred that she now felt equal to the most strenuous endeavours, and imparted to the editor the glad news that quite lately she had received flattering offers from the juvenile journals. The editor smiled.

"Write them at once," he said—almost commanded—"and say that you are sorry, but that for the moment you are unable to accept their kind offers."

"But—but!" she interrupted.

"No buts about it, young woman; you are in no state of health for hard work. I want you to come to my home to dinner to-night and meet my wife. After that, we will talk about where you are going for a good rest. You are worn out and your nerves are unstrung. When the time comes, you shall continue to tell us about "Emmy Lou," and I will publish the stories in my magazine. After that we will publish your work in book form. You have a story to tell, the kind that is wanted, and we cannot afford to have you exhausting your health and your time in foolish bypaths."

So George Madden Martin made her real start in the work on which she had set her heart, at the same time forming an opinion of editors and publishers quite different from that of so many who start wrong or who happen upon the wrong reader.

The school-girl tales were written from her own experiences, the simple annals of a child's studies; the teachers she liked, and the teachers she did not like; the male superintendent of schools who loved the incompetent teacher; the girls who formed into little cliques and were exclusive in their baby way; the aunt who tried to be severe to her, and the uncle who spoiled her. By the time she had reached an age when her skirts came to her shoe tops and her hair was sedately plaited and hung down her back, the author thought her chronicles were finished, but the public demanded more. She had not attended high school, but her sister, now also a writer, had, so the stories were continued, only this time they were built up by virtue of a complete and sympathetic understanding of another.

A Matter of Sense

YOU and I, in our first being, could easily have been covered with the point of a lead pencil. That little speck of living protoplasm, the heir of all the ages, containing within it infinite potentialities, was nevertheless entirely dependent for the realisation of its destinies upon the action of its environment. Here we have briefly stated the two factors that determine the history of an individual—heredity and environment; and it will be plain that the action of the latter depends upon the fact that the little mass of protoplasm has the power of appreciating external conditions. Otherwise, of course, they could not shape it. This all-important power we call Sensation or Sense.

One can observe a parallel between the development of sensation and perception from amoeba to man, and in the similar evolution from that tiny pencil-point of protoplasm to the "whole man." Now the line of descent from amoeba may be sketched in a few words; from amoeba to the higher invertebrates, then to the lowest vertebrate or backboneed animal—the fish—to the amphibian. From an extinct order of amphibia known as the Labyrinthodonta, because of their complicated teeth, the mammals are developed, and the culmination of the mammalia is man. The human embryo passes through these stages, but with extreme rapidity, so that a little practice in the first few weeks of independent existence places him easily first of living things in this matter of sensation.

But if we come to compare the different races of mankind there is some, though not positive, evidence in favour of the popular view that civilised man is at a disadvantage with his savage brother in this regard. Compared with a Malay Islander you and I are deaf and shortsighted, while our sense of smell is almost in abeyance. Assuming this to be approximately true let us at once seek a higher plane of things altogether, and recognise that civilised man knows no distant comparison with any other living thing on the score of the subtlety of sensation. This is true of hearing. The existence of music proves that. It is true of sight: painting verifies that. But we may go higher still, until we reach a perception which we may call for convenience *intellectual*, and which is not for a moment to be compared with any of these others. This is where literature comes in. And the current coin of literature is, of course, the word. You see the difference at once. Such a word as "eternity," printed on this page, may well be more clearly defined and visible at a greater distance to a Hottentot than to you. But even supposing that he understands its "Sense"—I use Lady Welby's subtle insight in this distinction—do you imagine that it "means" as much to him as to you; still less that it has the same "significance"? I trow not. In you it rouses a thousand recollections and associations; it brings back to you the Bible and Carlyle and all they mean to and have taught you. To the aboriginal it conveys an idea of a very long time: nothing more.

There needs no demonstration to the readers of this paper, then, that words are a study of the highest importance to the complete man. Let me not be mistaken: or be thought to urge that words are more important than things. Far from it. But words are the means whereby ideas—whether of things or of thoughts—are conveyed to your perceptive centres. And in her most suggestive book, "What is Meaning?" Lady Welby has made a preliminary study of a new science, to which she gives the already accepted and recognised title of "Significs," and which chiefly interests me because, from the scientific standpoint, it marks the first attempt to construct a thought-out philosophy of the word, the instrument of the highest plane to which the Evolution of Sense has yet been carried.

C. W. SALEEBY.

The Serendipity Shop

THERE is a little romance surrounding the Serendipity Shop, which appeals pleasantly to the book-lover and the connoisseur, and its rooms have a literary and artistic atmosphere not usual in these days of dry-as-dust business. Its name is reminiscent of Horace Walpole, who coined the word from the character of one Serendib in the "Arabian Nights," who went about picking up odds and ends and piecing them together in their original completeness. The name of John Libble & Co., under which the proprietor conceals his identity, will not be without a literary association to lovers of R. L. Stevenson, for it was as "John Libble" that he played his whimsical tricks upon the good people of Edinburgh in his student days. "John Libble & Co." hides the interesting personality of a promising young artist well known in London, not only for his own merits, but as the son of a father who is a distinguished critic and of a mother whose poetry has won for her a golden name in English literature.

There are many rare old books and fine old bindings upon the shelves of the Serendipity Shop, but there are also a number of modern books which are not only of value in themselves, but have an added interest from their former ownership. Among these the book-lover will handle with reverent curiosity a copy of "The Raven and other Poems" by Edgar Allan Poe. It is inscribed upon the fly-leaf with the words, "D. G. Rossetti to his friend Jas. Hannay," and throughout the volume are jotted many critical notes in Rossetti's nervous hand. Turning over the pages, one comes across a note scribbled in pencil which runs thus: "This poem stands, for spiritual mysticism, and a certain solemn unearthliness, above anything I have ever read. Miss Barrett's 'Brown Rosary' (quite equal, at the least, as a poem) comes nearest to it in these qualities." (Signed) "G. C. R."

These initials are particularly interesting, as Rossetti discarded, at about the time of his early twenties, that form of his name which they represent—Gabriel Charles Rossetti. The introduction of a third great literary name, Mrs. Browning's, into this document of literary history adds greatly to its value. She is again mentioned in Rossetti's notes on "The Raven." He has underlined the line, "And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain," and notes on the margin: "This line (and it is not a solitary instance) bears a strong resemblance to one in Miss Barrett's 'Geraldine': 'With a murmurous stir uncertain in the air the purple curtain.' Which was written first?"

The answer to this question of Rossetti's is surely found in the fact that this volume of Poe's is dedicated "To the noblest of her sex—to the author of 'The Drama of Exile'—to Miss Elizabeth Barrett Barrett, of England, I dedicate this volume, with the most enthusiastic admiration, and with the most sincere esteem. E. A. P."

Another book with notes in Rossetti's autograph is Fuseli's "Life and Lectures." Rossetti scolds on one page with "Blunder! Blunder! Blunder!" and on another forgives with "Fuseli, thou hast an eye."

All Meredith is to be found on the Serendipity shelves, including "Evan Harrington" as it originally appeared in "Once a Week," and in the rare pirated one-volume American edition in 1860—the year before the first edition in book form in England. An edition of St. Augustine's "Expositis Psalterii," 1489, is fragrant with old memories, having passed through the benevolent hands of John Evelyn.

There is not space here to comment upon the other book treasures of the Serendipity Shop or upon its unique collection of mezzotints, its dainty little odds and ends of "Serendipity." But as pleasant an hour may be spent here, in this atmosphere of literature and art, as any cultured, quiet soul may wish. PHILIP CHIBBS.

Dramatic Notes

MR. PINERO'S "Letty" shows the author almost at his best and almost at his worst. There is the lack of the inevitable so noticeable in most of his recent work, fate's dogged footfall is never heard, coincidence is piled upon coincidence, and the characters dance at the bidding of Mr. Pinero not at the bidding of their natures. The heart of the audience is not touched while its reason is tickled and sometimes stimulated. Mr. Pinero seems to have set out to preach a sermon on the well worn moral that it is better to be good than to be bad, rather than to write a strong human drama.

The plot of "Letty" may be summed up in a few words, but has been spun out into four long acts and an entirely unnecessary epilogue. The heroine, Letty, is "admired" by Bernard Mandeville, one of her employers, a noisy, blustering cad, and by Nevill Letchmere, a sensual man of fashion, who is living separated from his wife. This latter fact is concealed from Letty until Letchmere finds out that Mandeville contemplates marrying Letty, upon which he confesses and advises her to accept the cad's hand. Letty in a fit of pique does so, in a fit of disgust draws back, accepts Letchmere's offer to become his mistress, then in a rather unreal fit of scruples tears herself away from Letchmere before harm has been done, marries a good-natured, queer-souled photographer, and the curtain comes down on a highly edifying but hardly convincing situation. It is in the byeways of the play that Mr. Pinero does himself justice and proves—if proof were necessary—that when he does write his long-promised comedy, it should be good.

Of the acting in "Letty" it would be difficult to speak too highly. I could not but think, as scene after scene was brilliantly played, that if the future of our theatre depend upon the younger school of actors it will be bright. Mr. H. B. Irving and Miss Irene Vanbrugh were not thoroughly tested, but played sincerely and naturally, almost making one believe that they were acting the parts of real people. Mr. Fred Kerr did full justice to the bumptious cad, a character hardly worthy of his ability. As Hilda Gunning, a vulgar, slangy, unmoral assistant in a dressmaker's establishment, Miss Nancy Price acted brilliantly, but must be warned against a tendency to caricature. Mr. Dion Boucicault makes one laugh and despise the foolish little photographer Perry, then eventually achieves the triumph of compelling one to love him, realising that at bottom he is an honest, whole-hearted fellow.

The best piece of acting, however, to my mind was that of Miss Beatrice Forbes-Robertson in the very difficult part of Marion Allardyce, Letty's guardian angel. Marion is a straight-going, sensible, clean-minded girl, not, however, without a saving touch of good humour and good spirits; she can play a healthy game, but will not defile her hands or her heart with anything unclean; she can sympathise too with her weaker sisters—sympathise with and help them. The character is one of the truest that Mr. Pinero has ever drawn, but in the hands of a less skilled actress would have become a priggish prude. Miss Forbes-Robertson, however, never puts into her portrait a false touch; every glance, every gesture, every tone, every attitude is right and natural. In the difficult scene where she leaves Letty in Letchmere's rooms at night, she might

have made us feel that she was betraying her friend to her fate, but she left the impression that she had done all she could, that she had even risked somewhat and that she went away discomforted and defeated. Superlatives are dangerous tools, but Miss Forbes-Robertson has achieved a very fine piece of work.

It is noteworthy how many well-known actor families are represented in the cast of "Letty"—Irving, Boucicault, Forbes-Robertson are familiar names, and Mr. Dorrington Grimston is a son of Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

It may be hoped, too, that Mr. Hubert Henry Davies will some day write, possibly some day soon, a comedy fit to rank with the best. This author's "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace," so admirably played at the New Theatre, is chiefly interesting as a work of promise; the plot as a whole is somewhat trite, stagey and unreal, but some of the characters show considerable power of observation and some of the scenes of comedy are bright and fresh. Mrs. Jardine, of the overbearing temper, and Mrs. Gorrings, the fussy, foolish widow, are quite good, and had Mr. Davies avoided melodrama and devoted more attention to comedy this play would have been as charming as his "Cousin Kate." In the latter there is a whole act of delicious, fresh comedy. The long flirtation between the young Irishman and Cousin Kate could not be bettered. The tendency of modern English comedy seems to be toward the lighter forms of this most pleasant of all forms of theatrical art. Mr. Barrie has given the lead and Mr. Davies appears willing and able to follow. How far better and more healthy, and how much more artistic, all this is than the wearisome routine of translations and adaptations from foreign sources, which were recently the rule.

THE ancient boundaries of the drama have been swept away, and it is difficult to-day to classify the plays which occupy our stage. They may perhaps fitly be divided into three classes—those which interest but do not amuse, those which interest and amuse, and those which amuse but do not interest: the last class including farces, musical comedies and burlesques. The old distinction that tragedy is a play that ends sadly and comedy a play that ends joyously no longer serves us, for there are many pieces which end sadly but which can lay no claim to the dignity of tragedy, and many a laughable play that ends joyously which can hardly be called comedy. How, for instance, should "Mrs. Gorrings Necklace" be classed? In fact, it may be taken that our drama is evolving from what it was into what it will be, that it is in a transition period, and those that love the theatre watch the signs of the times with no little anxiety. Whither are we travelling? To realms of unadulterated musical comedy? Will Mr. Bernard Shaw's prediction prove fateful, that the future of the drama rests with Miss Louie Freear and Mr. Dan Leno? Mr. Pinero forbid!

THE Censor of Plays is surely a man to be pitied; no matter what Mr. Redford may do, there are plenty of people who will always tell him that he is entirely in the wrong. At the same time it is difficult to understand what rules guide his decisions and it sometimes appears as if his judgments were formed almost by haphazard. Playwrights and managers of theatres have a right to know where they stand, which knowledge is at present certainly not in their possession. It is quite open to question whether the censor has not outlived his usefulness and whether he would not be well replaced by public opinion. As a race we are not fond of nastiness or indecency and no astute

manager would dare to fly in the face of public opinion. The police could be trusted to deal with gross cases, should they arise. If a censor of dramatic literature, why not one of pictures or books?

It is reported that Mr. Seymour Hicks is having built for him a lordly playhouse, where there shall be neither pit nor gallery. Alas, poor gods! Alas, poor groundlings! But from what quarter of the house will come the laughter and applause which is the breath of the actor's nostrils? The stalls, dress-circle and boxes are notoriously lethargic, and I fear the atmosphere of the new theatre will be chilly.

TOWARD the end of November the Stage Society will commence their season with a performance of a translation by Mr. Laurence Irving of Maxim Gorki's "The Lower Depths." The second production will be "Les Bienfaiteurs" by M. Brieux. Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott will appear later on in the first act of Mr. Bernard Shaw's quaint "Cæsar and Cleopatra."

A DRAMATIC version of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Prince Otto," by Mr. Otis Skinner, in five acts, may be produced in London this year.

MR. CHARLES HAWTREY will enter into actor-managership on his return to London next spring, producing an English version of "Les Deux Écoles" by M. Alfred Capus.

Musical Notes

ANOTHER Bayreuth Festival is to be held next year, when the "operas" performed will be "Parsifal" and "Tanhäuser." The arrangements in other respects will be the same as heretofore, and there is not the least reason to suppose, for all the criticism of which Bayreuth has been from time to time the subject, that the attendance will be any less than in previous years. It is safe to say, indeed, that a very long time will elapse before Bayreuth ceases to attract the musical public, and this even if "Parsifal" should be performed in every capital in Europe. For, say what its critics may, Bayreuth still has a charm and possesses advantages all its own. For one thing, it is the only opera house in Europe where the master's works are given under the exact conditions intended by their creator; and this by itself is much. The "Ring" can be as well sung in London or Berlin, it may even be as well mounted or as intelligently stage-managed. In every other respect the same amount of care and enthusiasm might be expended as at Bayreuth. But the performances would remain utterly different all the same. I should be the last to maintain that the Bayreuth performances are perfect, considered from a purely critical standpoint.

Indifferent singing, tasteless colouring, and wooden acting, resulting from Madame Cosima's ruthless adherence to ill-considered tradition—these, and other charges, have been laid too often against Bayreuth, though I am far from maintaining that the standard of execution maintained there is not in general a very high one. But, say what folks may on this score, who has enjoyed his "Ring," or his "Tristan," or his "Meistersinger" so much elsewhere as in the far-famed hilltop theatre where the surrounding circumstances are so pleasant and the times and conditions of performance are so ideal? Depend upon it, Wagner knew what he was about when he arranged for the performances to begin in the afternoon, prescribed entr'actes of ninety minutes, and so on. You may, indeed, attempt the

same kind of thing at Covent Garden; but the result is not the same. An hour's interval spent in dining in London or in a stroll through the fascinating region of Seven Dials may have its advantages. But it is not the same thing as a saunter through the pine woods, followed by a modest refectation at one or other of the *Festspiel* restaurants, and you appreciate the difference in your enjoyment of the performance. Apart from all this, too, there are, of course, the associations of the place, its advantages as a holiday centre, and so forth. On these and other grounds, therefore, I think that not the smallest fear need be entertained of Bayreuth losing its popularity for a very long time to come.

BUT all the same I think it might not be good policy on the part of Madame Cosima to extend the range of her operations. It was always Wagner's notion that not only his own works, but those of other masters, would be heard to the best advantage under Bayreuth conditions. The *Festspielhaus* is not only the ideal theatre for Wagner, but also for Beethoven, Mozart, Gluck, &c.—to say nothing of Shakespeare, Schiller, and Racine. To extend its operations, therefore, so as to include works of this order as well as Wagner's would be entirely in keeping with the aims and objects of its founder; while to do this could hardly fail to increase considerably the number of its visitors. Let Madame Cosima and her advisers consider, therefore, whether at the festival of 1904 they cannot make a beginning on these lines by announcing performances of "Fidelio" or "Zauberflöte" or "Medea" on Bayreuth lines, in addition to those from the usual Wagnerian repertory.

MR. OSCAR BROWNING has been the victim of false rumour. A statement had been put forth that he had been the bearer of a wreath on behalf of the British Musical Association at the recent Wagner Festival in Berlin, and he has written to say that this was not the case. More, he had never before heard of the association in question (which happens to be of Oxford origin—so how should Mr. Oscar Browning know anything about it?) However, Mr. Browning adds that, with or without a wreath from the B.M.S., the celebration was a great success and gave much pleasure to all who took part in it.

I NOTICE, by the way, in this connection that champions have come forward in defence of Herr Leichner, the rouge manufacturer who organised the festival, on account of whose participation in the matter Madame Wagner declined to be associated with the undertaking. Fairly enough it has been pointed out that as one who has revolutionised the art of "make-up," and thereby has contributed not a little to perfect the presentation of stage works, Richard Wagner's included, Herr Leichner was deserving of better treatment. And on the face of it (if Herr Leichner will forgive the figure of speech) there seems force in the contention. After all, even a rouge manufacturer may still be regarded as a man and a brother, and I cannot help thinking that the creator of the "Ring" would have been the first to repudiate such a snobbish attitude as that which seems to have been assumed in the matter by his widow. Once again, indeed, Madame Wagner would seem to have been bent on proving that tact and judgment are not among her most conspicuous characteristics.

WHILE continental musicians visit us by the score, one always feels somewhat surprised to hear of British performers appearing on the continent. Gradually, however, this state of things seems to be passing away, and

nowadays one can hardly pick up a paper without reading of one or other of our native artists doing great things in foreign parts. It was only a short time since, for instance, that Mr. Donald Tovey went over to Berlin and gave what was said to be actually the first public performance of Bach's great "Goldberg" variations which had ever been known in Germany—playing the gigantic work, as his habit is, from memory, and winning thereby no great fame. Mr. Leonard Borwick is another who enjoys almost as much popularity in the Fatherland as at home, while the recent successes of Miss Fanny Davies and Miss Marie Brema in Paris may also be recalled in this connection. Mr. Frederic Lamond is another musician of British birth who is known all over the continent, more especially in Germany, which is now to all intents and purposes his adopted country—although, unlike Mr. Eugen d'Albert, nominally he still "remains an Englishman," or rather a Scotchman.

AMONG our vocalists, Mr. Ben Davies has often delighted Teutonic audiences with strains of a kind which they seldom hear, while a violinist such as Miss Marie Hall is of course always certain of a cordial hearing, apart entirely from the question of her nationality, wherever she chooses to appear. Another of our executants whose powers are thoroughly appreciated abroad is Miss Katie Goodson, who has just entered into an engagement for a long series of concerts at Mainz, Cologne, Düsseldorf, Essen, and other German towns. Nor should the successes of our lady composers be overlooked in this connection. During the summer Miss Ethel Smyth had her opera "Der Wald" produced at Dresden, and now comes the announcement that an opera by another of our women musicians, Miss Dora Bright, dealing with Chinese life in San Francisco, has been accepted for performance at the same famous opera house.

THAT is a pathetic episode in the chequered career of Berlioz which the "Musical Times," continuing its reminiscences of his experiences in this country, has recalled. After the first performance of "Benvenuto Cellino" at Covent Garden, the composer had arranged to give a supper party in celebration of his anticipated triumph. Unfortunately, owing to various causes, the performance resulted in an utter failure, with the result that, with the exception of Davison, the musical critic of "The Times," not a single one of the invited guests turned up. So, at least, the story is told, though it is hard to understand an entire party of people displaying such incredible bad manners and want of feeling. At the same time, one may well believe that if it did happen the impressionable composer was moved to tears by the kindness and true politeness shown by his solitary guest.

ONE of the best, although least pretentious, of the several new works produced by Mr. and Mrs. Kennerley Rumford at their Albert Hall Concert last week was, I thought, Mr. C. E. Baughan's song "Eternitie," in which Herrick's noble words have been matched to really beautiful and impressive music. The song produced, indeed, so good an effect that its repetition was demanded, with the result that Madame Clara Butt came forward again and sang—something totally different! As to the other novelties, there was a "War Song" by Dr. Elgar, which proved a quite characteristic and authentic example of his work, and a new scene, "Cleopatra" (based on Shakespeare), by Miss Frances Allitsen, which, if it is not likely to last so long as its text, must be accounted at least a welcome advance upon anything which this popular composer has previously accomplished. Another Shakespearean essay was Mr. Herbert Bedford's setting of the love scene

from "Romeo and Juliet," which pleased at least by its melody, grace, and refinement, if it is undistinguished by any particular strength or individuality.

MADAME CLARA BUTT has steadily improved, and learns more and more how to turn to the best account the glorious organ with which nature has endowed her. Her style of production is better, her phrasing is more refined, and generally the change observable in her methods of late years has been all to the good. And what a voice it is which she commands! It was astonishing to notice the ease with which on Saturday it seemed to fill the whole building. Without the smallest apparent effort she made her softest utterances heard, it is safe to say, in every corner of the hall. And who shall say that this does not go some way to refute those who assert that her production is essentially unsound? At least, it would not be surprising to learn that Madame Butt reasons thus herself. Also, there is no denying that, so far, at least, she has triumphantly falsified the predictions of her earlier critics, who declared that her voice, as she produced it, could never last. So far, it must be confessed, her voice shows not the faintest signs of wear.

DR. ELGAR's opus numbers are mounting up. The great work produced this week stands forty-ninth in the list, and this number could be largely extended, I imagine, if all of the works, new and old, which he has by him in addition in MS. were also published. The actual number of works standing against a composer's name in the catalogue does not, of course, go for a very great deal by itself. Raff, for instance, was one of the most voluminous composers of all times; but he is not included among the greatest. He wrote between 200 and 300 works, as against the 130 odd which stand to Beethoven's credit. Yet extreme fecundity may be associated with transcendent genius, as in the case of Bach and, in a scarcely lesser degree, of Mozart and Haydn. Among masters of a later date, Schubert's numbered compositions run up to 163, Mendelssohn's to 119, Schumann's to 148, and Brahms's to over 120. As regards composers still living, and in particular Dr. Elgar's British contemporaries, Sir Charles Stanford has produced so far between 70 and 80 works, while Sir A. C. Mackenzie's amount to over 60. Sir Hubert Parry, on the other hand, has a bad habit of publishing his works (or, worse still, of not publishing them) without opus numbers at all; but his output has probably been less than either Stanford's or Mackenzie's. Richard Strauss has up to the present published rather more than 50 compositions, great and small.

AMONG Dr. Elgar's most engaging characteristics must be reckoned his keen sense of humour, which has given rise to any number of amusing anecdotes either for or against him. One of the best dates right back to his schooldays, and is told in explanation of the fact that among his intimates he is frequently alluded to as "Sir Edward." This is not a case of "intelligent anticipation" on the part of his friends, but an allusion to one of his earliest efforts as a humorist. His schoolmaster had asked him, in pedagogic fashion, his name, and in reply had received the concise but sufficient answer, "Edward Elgar." In the master's judgment, however, the reply stood in need of amplification, wherefore he corrected him, "Add the 'Sir.'" Presumably, however, matters were hardly mended, in his judgment, when in return he received the prompt reply, "Sir Edward Elgar"! But Dr. Elgar is only one of a good many renowned musicians who are or have been famous for their wit. To take living composers only, Sir A. C. Mackenzie is well known for his gift of

jest and repartee; Sir Frederick Bridge's ineradicable propensities as a punster are equally notorious, while that true-born son of Erin, Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, is another who may unhesitatingly be included in the same category.

THE inclusion of Mr. Denis O'Sullivan in the cast of "The Duchess of Dantzic" will have special interest for concert-goers, to whom Mr. O'Sullivan has been chiefly known in London of late years. Many will remember, however, the great success which he made on the stage some years ago in Stanford's "Shamus O'Brien," in which he took the part of the hero. Since then, too, Mr. O'Sullivan, who, though Irish by extraction, is an American by birth, has appeared in San Francisco and other Western cities in Irish plays, such as "The Colleen Bawn" and "Arrah-na-Pogue," though in this case he found himself confronted with a somewhat curious but none the less vexatious difficulty. Just before he appeared, the members of the various Gaelic Leagues throughout the States, but more especially in the West, came to the solemn conclusion that plays of this kind, presenting the typical happy-go-lucky Irishman of romance, with all his weaknesses if also with all his virtues, constituted a grave libel on the national character! In a word, the Irishman of the stage was to be tolerated no longer, and the decree went forth that, by fair means or foul, his continued presentation was to be put down. In San Francisco the Irish are, as everyone knows, a power in the land. A movement of this order, taking shape in wild demonstrations, ending frequently in downright shindies, appealed to their dearest instincts, and for a time at least Mr. O'Sullivan found that he had no option but to abandon a line of work for which he is, of course, in every possible respect quite peculiarly well endowed.

THE German musical papers are referring to the well-known conductor of the Berlin opera as Herr Capellmeister Richard von Strauss. Does this mean that the Kaiser has granted to the composer a signal mark of his favour, unreported in our press, or is it only an intelligent anticipation of the near future?

At the Brussels opera the other day the prima donna, Madame Merey, sang Rosina in the "Barber of Seville" (including a phenomenal high E in Proch's Variations in the Lesson Scene) with her arm in a sling. She had been shot in the arm just before entering the theatre, and the revolver bullet was not removed until after the performance.

Art Notes

A CORRESPONDENT takes me to task for saying last week in this column that English people read and that art books sell. He still clings to the idea that as a nation we have only a very limited class of really cultured and intelligent people, and he closes with a comparison between the number of readers of art books and magazines in this country and in the United States. I still disagree with him. There are nearly double the number of people in the American States, and a far greater proportion of them are educated than in Great Britain; but for all that, there is an increasing number of art lovers and art students here, and the interest in art literature is decidedly enlarging. New art books of all kinds are issued every week: a sure indication that they sell, since publishers do not continue and increase a line of work which does not promise a fair return.

FORTUNATELY, in books on art the publication is not tied down to the hard conditions which often check attractive productions in other classes of volumes. In the novel, for instance, the salesman pleads for uniformity in size, regardless of the requirements, in the interests of novelty or harmony of proportion, of individual works. Certain proportions in bookbinding are standard, and woe betide the venturesome man who has the temerity to issue volumes in shapes and sizes which do not fit in with any of the few different kinds which the bookseller has arranged his shelves to fit. Not, be it noted, that the bookseller really cares, as far as he, personally, is concerned, but that he fears the book-buyer, who wants his purchases to stand in level rows on shelves adjusted to certain sizes of books.

NOT long since, a book, published in America by Messrs. Harper, was refused publication by a London firm because the illustrations, which run through the text and extend over into the margin, could not be so cut down as to bring the bound volume to a standard size. No one doubted the charm of the book, no one doubted that it might make a success; but the men who would have the duty of selling it protested that it was too long. It was also too wide, and not thick enough to make it seem quite worth the price. These latter objections might be overcome, in the eyes of the purchaser, when the dainty pictures were seen, but in a library the book would tower as much as an inch above its neighbours, causing a loss of straight line. To produce the book in England at a reasonable price it would be necessary to import the plate for each page from America; the sheets would have to be cut down after they had been printed here, and in the process much of the beauty would be lost. The alternative would be to publish the book without illustration. Then, too, the smart seller of books knows that up to a certain point *bulk* is an important item. If people are accustomed to finding so many pages of reading matter in six-shilling novels, they expect at least that amount, or the appearance of it. At this point appears the paper manufacturer who can supply a lightweight, and therefore cheap, paper which will make a book so thick that forty-five thousand words may form as thick a volume as fifty-five thousand have in another book.

VERY often these details help to make up a very smart looking book, though why there should always exist a species of conspiracy between publisher, bookseller and public to prevent as far as possible the play of new ideas in bindings is hard to tell, especially in view of the fact that if any one of the trio is caught alone, he is certain to bewail the tendency to stand still in matters of binding. It is worthy of note how pleased many a reader is when he finds a really charming book cover. The circulating libraries, those great enemies and friends of the publisher, are to blame for some lack of new ideas in binding. Obviously, they cannot use very dainty books to advantage. Each volume must be read many times, and books quite soiled require to be replaced by new ones. Therefore the library must have plain covers in fairly dark colours. The white "foil," now so effectively used on some nice editions of three-and-sixpenny and six-shilling books, is practically taboo at the libraries, because, with frequent use and some hard handling, it may rub up. White ink is not effective, and as the library must be pleased and placated, the result is often a most ordinary cover, a disappointed author, and a not too expensive edition. In small, popular priced editions, to print in one colour for the libraries and in another colour for general purposes is generally found to be hardly worth the trouble and expense. With the art book the publisher has more freedom, as he is unlikely to place many such works with circulating libraries, and in case he does the nature of the book to some extent ensures his careful handling.

LOVERS of art can find no better investment for one guinea than by a subscription to the "National Art Collections Fund." The work is being organised by a body of men whose motives are wholly unselfish, and whose object is to provide funds, and the knowledge of how to use them, for the purchase, for the benefit of the nation, of such ancient and modern works of art as may be deemed desirable as they come into the market from time to time. The scheme has received sympathetic encouragement from the heads of the national collections, and is in no way intended to encroach upon their rights. On the contrary, the new organisation must prove a most efficient aid, standing ready always to step in and bid for such works of art as should belong to this country and are in danger of being carried across the water by our American friends, or into France or Germany by such associations as the "Société des Amis du Louvre," or the "Kaiser Friedrich Verein," two growing forces which have enriched their respective nations with a variety of most important gifts. "The National Art Collections Fund" must have an educational influence, and is certain to interest wealthy people who are in position to give liberally to special objects, or to bequeath collections or money to the nation. A general meeting will soon be held, when definite organisation will be effected. Detailed information may be had of Mr. Isidore Spielman, F.S.A., or Mr. Robert C. Witt, honorary secretaries, by writing them at the offices, 47, Victoria Street, Westminster.

THE collection of sketches by Charles Keane, now open at the Dutch Gallery in Brook Street, gives an opportunity for study of the work of a man whose humour, during his lifetime, was much appreciated, but whose talent as an artist is but just beginning to receive full recognition. Keane often used the familiar drunken man to conjure up a laugh, but even his drunken man remains humorous, while his intense dramatic sense, his virility and his originality of treatment combine to make the picture convey its own story even before one has read the legend beneath. Refinement of types were not his métier, but in the broad delineation of a character his execution was as satisfactory as it was sound. Some of the prints from wood-blocks are interesting. Decidedly the exhibition, which is called "A selection of 'Punch' drawings," is worth a visit.

MR. DAVID GREEN, R.I., well named his exhibition of water-colour drawings, now on view at the Graves Gallery, "From River to Sea." The majority of the pictures are, as was to be expected, marine-pieces, yet there is relief in the landscape studies, which the artist shows as companions. Facility of execution, form, accuracy and vigour mark the work. His studies of nightfall, and there are several, have something of the dreamy atmosphere which must have influenced Longfellow when he wrote:—

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wings of night
As a feather is wafted downward
From an eagle in his flight.

One is made to feel a sense of the calm, the loneliness, the half sadness of eventide. The drawing "A Breezy Day" is a live, strong justification of its title. Brown-sailed boats skim over waves that rise to their crests in foam and sink into depths of shadow, while the light from overhead glistens and sparkles with quite dazzling brightness. "Flood Tide," which will probably attract the greatest attention of all the pictures in the present collection, is in the artist's best mood, showing his powers of effect and his technical ability to marked advantage:—a harbour with a jetty,

a brig entering in tow of a tug, and a fishing boat. The sense of movement is delightful.

A GOOD story of Mr. Whistler is connected with his first official visit to the Art school established in Paris as the "Whistler Academy." A number of young enthusiasts sat before their easels, working from a very commonplace nude model, probably an Italian, each embryo Whistler intent upon his work—and each drawing from the model? Not wholly. Each looking at the figure before him, but each thinking of Whistler's mother, and putting reminiscent touches of her on his paper or canvas. The great man was announced. The school rose to greet the dapper figure. Advancing into the room he took his stand, hat and stick in hand, and addressed them, apparently seriously, in a few words expressing the honour he was doing himself and themselves in showing Paris and the world that he, Whistler, was in his school, and that they, the students, were also there. Then followed a tour of the room, Mr. Whistler speaking to each student, in turn, somewhat as follows:—

"Ah! And where have you studied before?"

"At Julian's."

"Ah! You couldn't have done better."

And to the next one:—

"Ah! And where have you studied before?"

"With Monsieur Bouguereau."

"Ah! You couldn't have done better."

So he went the rounds, repeating the formula in each case without perceptible alteration in tone. Finally, the question being put to a very young man, the answer almost upset the general gravity:—

"Ah! And where have you studied before?"

"I have never studied before."

For just the fraction of a moment Mr. Whistler eyed him curiously, and then, with perfect gravity, but an almost enthusiastic accent:—

"Ah! You couldn't have done better."

THE "Meal-Poke" is a book of 122 pages, brought out for the benefit of the University of St. Andrew's, by the committee of the Students' Union Bazaar. The first chapter is "A Confession," in which Mr. J. M. Barrie tells how he lives through long days of horrid authorship, counting the hours until his time comes to write something really good and gratis for a bazaar. Mr. Andrew Lang follows with some humorous talk about "Andreapolis," and Mr. N. L. Watson gives some "Dundee Memories." But the best features of the book, from the view point taken in this column, are the illustrations, well printed upon good paper, from some very fine pictures indeed. The frontispiece, from "A Study from Henry IV.," by G. Ogilvy Reid, is quite sufficient to make one wish to continue through the book. The "Study of a Head," by David Foggie, although slightly too heavy in outline, is a delightful piece of work, decidedly Italian in tone. The story, "Annie," by Hume Nisbet, a fine study of a woman tramp, is original and convincing. One can only wish the book a good measure of success, and regret that in so artistic a production more attention has not been paid to the colour and design of the binding, and that the rather brutal likeness of Mr. Kruger as the Wandering Jew had been omitted.

"A LITTLE GALLERY OF HOPPNER," [Methuen & Co., 2s. 6d.], contains twenty small plates selected from Hoppner's best work, preceded by a brief chronological list of the chief

events in the artist's life. The plates are excellently reproduced and the book is worth having.

THE Modern Sketch Club's second annual exhibition, at the Modern Gallery in Bond Street, opens with thirty new members, and with a general average of work rather above that of last year. While one does not look among these sketches for anything startlingly good, there is a certain freshness which is pleasing. The faults which the French school of artists are apt to consider peculiarly English, are noticeable—lack of strength and boldness, and too great "sweetness," and there is much drawing which is almost too bad, yet the club is progressing. Mr. George C. Haité, who, by the way, will open an exhibition of his own work in the Modern Gallery on November 20th, is represented by three pleasing works, "The Market, Tangiers," "Old Timber," and "A Public Garden, Paris." Mr. Samuel Read's "Henley Regatta" is at first noticeable from any part of the room because of its rather unfortunate surface, which has a glare that might cause one to wonder whether the artist had mixed his paint and his varnish, the effect being a great difficulty in seeing the picture at all well from any point, but in composition and colour the work is decidedly interesting, and the treatment of the foreground is excellent. The effect of brilliant sunshine, glistening water and masses of people in boats is fine and true. "Siesta," by the same artist, shows an effective garden setting, made brilliant by tall poppies, with a girl asleep in a deck-chair. The dress, a quiet, greenish grey, is set off by a bright pink sash in harmony with the poppies. But the face is not good, although very likely the artist, having secured his effects, felt satisfied to leave it as it is. One expects that certain confidence of execution in the work of Mr. John Fraser, which is evident in his "Peak of Teneriffe." The picture, though simple in treatment, has a more finished appearance than most of the Sketch Club productions, and has atmosphere.

THE private view of the Society of Oil Painters' Autumn Exhibition will be held to-day (Saturday).

AN exhibition of paintings and drawings by the late J. W. T. Manuel is promised for the near future. Of Mr. Manuel's work, always forceful and clever, much that is best was done on Friday evenings at the Langham.

THE will of the late Mr. George Gilbert gives the corporation of London an opportunity to accept or reject a number of oil and water-colour paintings by the testator's brother, the late Sir John Gilbert, R.A. A refusal is just possible, as the corporation already possesses sixteen Gilberts in its permanent collection and the Guildhall space is limited. Failing the City of London, the collection will be offered to the Tate Gallery. Sir John Gilbert's pictures, five in oil and eleven in water-colour, were really the nucleus of the present corporation collection.

THE annual exhibition of the sketching club of the Royal College of Art will open on Monday, October 26. The private view will be given on the Saturday before.

A STATUE of Edgar Allan Poe, destined for America, is now being completed by the sculptor José de Charnay, who is at the same time at work on a monument of Leconte de Lisle for his native town, and one of Alfred de Vigny.

It is pleasant to know that for the Americans a subject has been chosen which will admit of their securing good sculpture without danger of shock to their modesty. A few years ago, when the famous Boston library was being completed, Mr. Macmonnies, himself an American by birth, though French in his feeling for art, produced the famous woman and child which now graces the gardens of the Luxembourg. The work was done for Boston, but Boston held public meetings and protested. The great majority of the protestors had never seen the group, but when it became known that the figures were quite nude, the prurient rose *en masse* and compelled the city fathers to reject the work. Paris is the richer by a work of art beautiful to all, and wholly chaste except to such as say "limb" for "leg." The American attitude on such matters can never be relied upon, however, as it veers unsteadily, according to the will of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union or the newspapers, or both. Both are such powerful factors as to be able to stir the public into action at very short notice, and it sometimes happens, unfortunately, that both are affected by the influence which first reaches them. In this connection a story is told of a young reporter in a western city, who was sent to a meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union with instructions to bring in a lively "story," even if he had to create one. The meeting was very business-like, consisting mainly of committee reports on the general charitable work of the society, and while the young man saw and heard much that roused his admiration for the undoubtedly valuable work of the local organization, he failed to get anything sensational. Looking about him in desperation, he suddenly espied a thing which made life again seem rosy from his point of view. Directly back of him stood the heroic figure of a nude woman in bronze, holding in outstretched arms a group of gas burners. Catching the eye of the president of the meeting, he rose, and with some embarrassment explained that his chief had sent him to inquire whether they intended lodging a protest against the proprietor of the hall for his lack of taste and modesty in permitting his room to be desecrated by such a thing as that, and with a dramatic gesture he indicated the offending bronze. Now these good women had sat for years under the light of that gas fixture, but none of them had ever really noticed it before. A few smiled, but others grew excited and made bitter speeches. Strong resolutions of condemnation were passed, the reporter had his sensation, and the unlucky landlord had his choice of losing good tenants or removing the cause of discussion.

Correspondence

George Cruikshank's "Pilgrim's Progress"

SIR,—I have read with much interest Mr. M. H. Spielmann's letter in your issue of the 10th inst. It is true that George Cruikshank was more than once engaged upon "The Pilgrim's Progress," but the only known complete series of illustrations is that which, as announced, will be produced for the first time in my forthcoming edition of Bunyan's masterpiece.

The impressions which, as Mr. Spielmann says, may be seen in the British Museum (seven small drawings in all including an initial letter), are not taken from the blocks which I have acquired, although in three instances the artist has to some extent repeated himself in the latter—and larger—drawings.

Mr. Spielmann has followed the inadequate description of the British Museum drawings which G. W. Reid gave in his well-known catalogue. A close examination shows that "Williams" cut one block, "Mason Jackson" another, "W. and F." a third, and "T. W." a fourth.

I need hardly say that I have not made use of "process." Those blocks which I have now had cut for the first time have been placed in competent hands. While it is certainly difficult to find good wood-cutters nowadays, it is not impossible, especially when no expense is spared, to get the work done properly. Mr.

Edwin Truman, from whose famous collection I have obtained the originals, is well pleased with the result, which I hope will also satisfy Mr. Spielmann when he sees a copy of the book.

It is impossible to fix the precise date at which Cruikshank drew the illustrations now in my possession, and I have had to rely on Mr. Truman's memory and notes. But my statement that the drawings were made "nearly fifty years ago" is believed to be no less correct than that they "have never yet been published." I have the best grounds for agreeing with Mr. Spielmann that the belated appearance of these illustrations "will be hailed with delight by every lover of Cruikshank."—Yours, &c.,

HENRY FROWDE.

Rowlandson and Phil May

SIR,—A comparison of Phil May and Rowlandson occurs in the art notes of your last week's issue to the detriment of the latter.

It is difficult to understand how any comparison is possible; and it is certainly unfair to judge Rowlandson by the minute collection in the Leicester Gallery. It is doubtful whether Rowlandson has ever been appreciated at his true value in this country. His subjects were reflections of the age, but many of Rowlandson's sketches of women have been mistaken for the work of Gainsborough.

Towards the end of his life he was out of sympathy with the times: the most hideous period in all art was fast approaching.

The coarseness, &c., of Rowlandson is usually dwelt on, but to have a true estimate of his work it is necessary to examine his drawings from 1780-90—his best period.

I will conclude by a quotation from J. K. Huysmans, whose artistic insight is of the keenest:—

Négligeant aussi les ridicules scènes de la Vie Intime de Gavarni, les libertinages de Devéric, et les vignettes étiquées du doux Tassaert, je ne ferai halte que devant Rowlandson et les Japonais.

—Yours, &c.,

PHILIP TREHERNE.

"Swiftly Walk over the Western Wave"

SIR,—I still think "walk" was the right word, and better than "come," "pass," or "move." With one of these the first line would be applicable to a bird or a ship, and not necessarily to a spirit. The initial impression would be weaker.

I did not forget the subsequent use of the word "flight." The appropriateness of "walk" is unaffected by it. There is no contradiction between "Swiftly walk over the western wave" and "Out of the misty eastern cave. . . . Swift be thy flight." Night comes more slowly in the west than in the east, and the poet, unconsciously or not, shapes his invocation accordingly.

But Mr. Saleeby has apparently forgotten that he said the stanza "contains no thought whatever," for he now says he suggested "run" or "fly" as "consistent with the thought." It would be hypercritical to condemn this discrepancy if he had not expressly stated that the word "thought," in modern English, has a perfectly definite meaning. His own use of it shows, if nothing else, the elasticity of that meaning. If he would admit a little such elasticity in the case of "intellect," I have no doubt we should agree about Shelley's.—Yours, &c.,

Cambridge, October 10, 1903.

T. A. BROCK.

The Bookseller

SIR,—That booksellers—and by the word I mean the true bookseller, himself a bookman—are fastly disappearing is a fact easily explained by one word—Discounts.

Though a clerk, as Lamb writes, sucks his sustenance through a quill, a bookseller cannot batten on his old stock and must needs live, and his calling does not offer the wherewithal.

The publishers might set things to rights if they would combine and refuse to supply with books those tradesmen who will not agree to sell at a reasonable profit. They would not suffer by it. More books would be shown and consequently more sold—every book-lover knows the fascination of them. Did not Elia himself flaunt an over-worn suit for four or five weeks longer to pacify his conscience for the purchase of a folio Beaumont and Fletcher? It is, as Mr. Frankfort Moore writes, sad to see an intellectual and honourable vocation disappearing, especially when a remedy is so apparent, but I have no doubt there are many more like myself, who started life with the high intention of being a Bookseller and have fallen to the low level and monotony of stationery, fancy

goods, and pictorial postcards, and are forced, from a business point of view, to look on books as an unprofitable side line.—Yours, &c.,
LEYTONSTONE.
EDWIN T. WALKER.

Mr. Meredith as Poet

SIR.—In the article of the week before last, on the above subject, it is written, "In his poetry, delivering himself to the blissful conviction that there is no need for him to be read, he writes after his heart's desire." I feel somewhat a Philistine for attempting to criticise such a sentence, but I am buoyed up by the hope that the occasion excuses it. Steadily repressing the force of its gusto, it seems to mean that there is something irrational in Mr. Meredith's poetry, evidenced especially by its obscurity and difficulty.

I would suggest that, in part, the obscurity and difficulty are deliberately intentional: that is, are the expression of one of his reasoned-out artistic principles. Goethe, when articulating any high truth or feeling, used continually to throw an actual veil over them, so adjusted as only to be rent by the skill and perseverance of the reader. Is not Mr. Meredith, perhaps, like some big boy, poking and prodding a kitten to make it show *fight*. Does he know that only when we "rise in wrath," and look daggers and "things," can we attain any truth worth mentioning? Does he prick us and sting us to attack him and wrestle with him, so that we may be blessed?

This may be good criticism, or it may be utterly indifferent. It may perhaps be allowed to stand as a mere addition to an article which must rejoice the hearts of all true Meredithians.—Yours, &c.,
H. BROWN.

Present Day Fiction

SIR.—Mr. Cosmo Hamilton asks in the ACADEMY of October 10th, "Why English publishers—always a timid race—shy nowadays at what is called, in writer's jargon, 'strength.'" I am not, here, concerned with Mr. Hamilton's "timid" sneer at "English publishers," but—to borrow a saying of a colleague—I will go on my knees from Bedford Street to Waterloo Bridge and back if Mr. Hamilton—or any other person—will bring me a really *strong* MS. Now the qualities of real *strength* are truth, breadth, and gentleness; also the ability (if needful) to touch things unsavoury and yet keep clean hands. When the "strength" of "writer's jargon" begins to merely dream of such a standard, it is possible that the "English publishers" of "nowadays" may become less "timid."—Yours, &c.,

ONE OF THEM.

The "Witch Aunt"

SIR.—In last week's ACADEMY Mr. Wilfred Whitten, in his review of Vol. III. of Mr. E. V. Lucas's edition of the "Works of Charles and Mary Lamb," appears to be under the impression that it was Mary Lamb who wrote the "Witch Aunt."

That this is incorrect will be seen from the following extract from Lamb's letter to Bernard Barton, dated January 23, 1824:—"My sister's part in the 'Leicester School' (about two-thirds) was purely her own. . . . I wrote only the 'Witch Aunt,' the 'First Going to Church,' and the final story, about 'A Little Indian Girl' in a ship." No doubt some of Mary's own experiences were made use of by her brother in the story, but there can be none, I think, as to who wrote it.—Yours, &c.,
The Castle, Carlisle. S. BUTTERWORTH (Major R.A.M.C.).

[Your gallant correspondent is of course right. With "Charles" staring at me from Mr. Lucas's page, I wrote "Mary." With Colebrooke Row plain before him, G. D. walked into the New River. But how poor my slip to his: his the delight of the ages, mine the blunder of a week.—W. W.]

Double Possessive

SIR.—Kindly permit me to say that I had no desire in my letter, printed in your issue of the 19th ult., to promulgate any grammatical principle. I advanced a suggestion, and a suggestion, let me remind Mr. Morgan, to some extent connotes tentativeness. However, I must disagree with Mr. Morgan's finding. The

question is, Ellipsis or "Double Possessive"? Mr. Morgan himself admits that the latter is an irregularity; I believe it to be an anomaly. Your correspondent says that when the thing possessed can only be in the singular the construction can but be explained by double possessive. He instances such a phrase as: "That face of your father's." Now, "father's," being in the possessive case, must *posses* something, and I would ask Mr. Morgan what his father, according to the phrase, does lay claim to? His "face," palpably. Therefore, I say the word "father's" possesses "face" understood; and here let me clear up a misunderstanding. It is not necessary, for my contention, that the phrase with the missing word supplied be equivalent (in expression) to the phrase in its original state—that, in short, the two phrases be interchangeable. The addition of the omitted word would assuredly cause the most unequivocal tautology. It is in explanation of the construction that the word is added, not that by its being supplied a more grammatical phrase results.

Altogether different ground is trod in the other examples given by Mr. Morgan. His "double possessive" accounts again for: "Those fowls of yours." Well, as regards the use of *yours* with the preposition *of*, let me quote the Century Dictionary:—

Yours. Preceded by *of*, it is equivalent to the personal pronoun *you*.

—Yours, &c.,

T. E. TURNBULL.

The Spirit of Place

SIR.—As a side issue to the suggestive article entitled "The Spirit of Place," in your issue for 3rd instant, is it not a question of extreme nicety how much the spirit of a countryside is derivative from its people, and therefore mutable? Every bend of the lane, every twist of the hedge, the cottage peering through the trees and the labourer whistling at the plough, all these, no less than the voluptuous heave and swell of the pasture, are tones in the strange chord we name spirit of place. Can we always distinguish man's voice from nature's? And is the genius of, say, Deira and Northumbria so unchanged that a Viking reincarnate might know these coasts for those he was wont to devastate? Or would Alfred recognise the Wessex of to-day?

It does seem, however, that despite superficial innovations the true "feel" of a place remains the same. For even where nature is trodden most ruthlessly underfoot, as in the recent cities of North America, is not the essential spirit of San Francisco, Montreal, New Orleans, to be found, after all, in the soil whence they have sprung?

Perhaps one of your contributors may find occasion to consider the subject.—Yours, &c.,
SYDNEY B. WATSON.

"The Oxford Book of Verse"

SIR.—In reference to the reading of the sixth stanza of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," Keats originally wrote, "And sidelongs would she bend and sing," as it is given in "The Golden Treasury" edition. He afterwards revised it for publication in "The Indicator" to, "And sideways would she lean and sing," possibly to avoid the repetition of the word "long," which ends the preceding line. Personally, like your correspondent, I do not think the alteration an improvement, as the former reading seems more in harmony with the whole tone of the poem.

Possibly, Leigh Hunt, who edited "The Indicator," had a hand in it.

Mr. Buxton Forman, in his edition, gives the same reading as in "The Oxford Book of Verse," but he explains the reason in his notes.—Yours, &c.,
EDWIN T. WALKER.

SIR.—Your correspondent asks if there be any such reading as "*sideways* would she *lean*," for the line which (according to the "Aldine" edition, and "The Golden Treasury"), runs "*sidelong* would she *bend* and sing."

While endorsing the opinion that the latter version is much more suggestive, and withal more musical, may I point out that there would seem to be authority for both? In the "Canterbury Poets," edited by W. Sharp, and published by Walter Scott, the line in question will be found to read "*sideways* would she *lean*," also in the "Chandos Classics," published by Frederick Warne. On the other hand, "Poetical Chrestomathy," edited by Th. Shorter, has the more melodious line; so, also, has Mrs. Meynell's "Flower of the Mind."

The version in the "Chandos Classics" and in the "Canterbury Poets" differs from the "Oxford Book of English Verse" in many points.

The fifth and sixth verses are reversed in order; the second, third, and fourth lines of the eighth verse are materially different, reading thus:—

And there she gazed and sighed deep;
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kissed to sleep.

This version also has "wretched wight" for "knight-at-arms"; "gloom" for "gloom" (which surely spoils the line, and alters the idea therein embodied?); and "we slumbered on the moss," for "she lulled me asleep."

"The Oxford Book of English Verse" only differs from Mrs. Meynell's reading in the one line.—Yours, &c.,

JOCELYN JÉRNE RAINCY.

SIR,—With reference to a letter in your last issue, I may say that the variant readings he mentions as occurring in the sixth verse of "La Belle Dame Sans Merci" are to be found in my editions of Keats, for which Mr. H. Buxton Forman is responsible, and which purports to contain the poet's works "given from his own editions and other authentic sources and collated with many manuscripts" (sixth edition, published for Reeves and Turner by Gibbings & Company, London). The form which the whole poem assumes in Mr. Forman's edition differs in many important respects from the ordinary and better-known version. For the usual reading "O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms?" Mr. Forman prints "Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight?" Verses five and six of the "Golden Treasury" version are transposed by him, whilst he gives the eighth verse as follows:—

She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she gaz'd and sighed deep,
And there I shut her wild, sad eyes—
So kiss'd to sleep.

Instead of "And there she lulled me asleep" in the first line of the next verse Mr. Forman has "And there we slumber'd on the moss." Finally, in the opening line of the eleventh verse, "I saw their starved life in the gloom," we have the reading "gloom."

Mr. Forman doubtless had the best of authority for these alterations; but, from the poetical standpoint, one cannot help thinking that they are for the most part to be regretted.—Yours, &c.,

Newcastle-on-Tyne, 12 October 1903.

J. CROSBY.

[Other similar letters received.]

[Other Correspondence held over.]

Notes and Queries

Notes, Queries and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. It will be helpful if the envelope be marked in the top left-hand corner "N.Q." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Note, Query or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Notes and Queries must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Note, Query or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

Queries

LITERATURE.

BERDASH.—In No. 10 of "The Guardian," for Monday, March 23, 1712-13, appears a letter from one Simon Sleek, saying: "I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and berdash, which I am told is not ill done." A footnote refers to berdash as "a kind of neckcloth, whence such as sold them were styled haberdashers." I should like to know more of the berdash. Where did it hail from? What form did it take? &c.—F. S.

THE RELIGION OF ALL SENSIBLE MEN.—Can any of your readers tell me the original source of the well-known saying connected with the above? I know it has been traced to Burnet's "History of His Own Times," where it is ascribed to the Lord Shaftesbury of that day. But is this the ultimate source?—H. E.

QUOTATIONS WANTED.

"Put on the shape of order and humanity."—S. Bryant.

"I weigh the man, not his titles."—M. G. B.

"My love is dead,

Gone to her death-bed,

All under the willow tree."—G. G.

Latin author and text, of which the following is a translation:—

"Sleep! though thy spell be by oblivion bound,

And shadow that which knows at last no end,

Yet would I be thy captive and thy slave,

That I might know thy quiet, and be taught,

How dying I may live and living die."—D. T.

The following—possibly quoted inaccurately—must come either out of some book of Good Behaviour or from Mr. W. S. Gilbert: "Do not put your arms upon the table, even if you are an aunt."—F. T. S.

DRAMA.

"THE CORSICAN BROTHERS." Upon what supposed facts was founded the story which forms the basis of this melodrama?—D. S.

GENERAL.

MEDIEVAL SCIENCE.—Where can I find, in English, an account of the mathematical and physical problems which were being studied at the time when the school-men were studying medieval philosophy; e.g., "Nature abhors a Vacuum," "Action at a Distance"? Also an account (other than De Morgan's) of the mathematical paradoxes; e.g., Achilles and the Tortoise, Zeno's Arrow, Parmenides's Fish, &c., and other problems having a bearing on extension and time?—A. P. T.

RAM ALLEY, now, I believe, called Hare Place. What was the origin of this name?—F. Lane.

"SHIP OF THE DESERT."—Who first applied this name to the camel?—Sigma.

"SO LONG."—This phrase of farewell has never been explained. Walt Whitman uses it in his "Songs of Parting," published fifty years ago, as a phrase already old and familiar. I believe it is Dutch, and that the Americans derived it from the early Dutch settlers. Will anyone acquainted with Dutch state if the words are a corruption from that language?—D. P.

Answers

LITERATURE.

"VANITY FAIR."—In reply to "Ponennie," I do not think it has ever been absolutely proved whether Thackeray did or did not offer the MS. of "Vanity Fair" to more than one publisher; but I believe the general belief that it was hawked round the town before it was accepted by Messrs. Bradbury and Evans is erroneous. Anthony Trollope said that "the monthly nurses of periodical literature did not at first smile on the effort," and Mr. Marzials tells us that "Vanity Fair" was rejected by "Colburn's Magazine." Even Mrs. Ritchie talks of "the journeys which the MS. made to various publishers' houses before it could find one ready to undertake the venture." On the other hand Mr. Vizetelly, who saw much of Thackeray at this time, has told what I believe to be the true tale. He stated positively that when arrangements were made with Messrs. Bradbury and Evans for the publication of the work, only one number was written. "I have no doubt whatever that the publishers of 'Vanity Fair' bought it," he wrote, "solely on its author's reputation, which his 'Snobs of England' in 'Punch' had greatly extended." Mr. Vizetelly supported his statement by adding that one day Thackeray called at his offices with a parcel containing the drawings for the two-page plates to the first number of "Vanity Fair" and the MS. of the earlier part of the book. Thackeray told him he was going to see Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, and returned half an hour later gleefully to inform him he had settled the business. This is but corroboration of Mr. John Camden Hotten, who knew that Thackeray had offered some chapters of a continuous story of a length then undetermined to Colburn for insertion in "The New Monthly Magazine," and that Colburn rejected it. The chapters were entitled "Pencil Sketches of English Society"—the sub-title of the first edition—and the now famous title of "Vanity Fair" had not then occurred to the author. It seems to me that the weight of the evidence tends to show that, though Thackeray may have discussed the matter with more than one publisher, the actual MS. was never rejected, and indeed, that it was accepted, like most works by known authors, on the strength of the writer's reputation. —*Lectis McNeill.*

HUMBUG.—Several definitions have been suggested. "Homo Bugiarlo" (Italian), a lying man, seems far-fetched. More probably connected with "hum." To "hum" once signified to affect admiration, to express applause. "This humming is not becoming the gravity of this court." "State Trials (1660)." But possibly this derivation is "all a hum."—H. C. M.

HUMBUG.—Is not this correct? < hum, deceive, + bug, spectre; the first connected with the ordinary word "hum," and the second retaining the original meaning of "bug," as a spectre, or anything terrifying. So "humbug" = a deceiving spectre, a false appearance, a sham, &c.—W. G. F.

"A SOUL ABOVE BUTTONS."—Is this a quotation, asks H. F. K. Yes, from "Sylvester Daggervood," by George Colman. "My father was an eminent button-maker . . . but I had a soul above buttons . . . and panted for a liberal profession."—H. C. M.

"A SOUL ABOVE BUTTONS."—In answer to H. F. K., Ethel Newcome says to Clive Newcome (Chap. III. Vol. 2, Pocket Edition): "You have a soul above buttons, I suppose."—J. B. B.

"LIKE THE POOR CAT 'I' THE ADAGE."—"The cat would eat fysh, and would not wet her feet" (Heywood's "Proverbs," 1562), just as Macbeth (L. vii.) was "letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would.'"—E. F. Tredwell. (Other answers to the same effect.)

"LIKE THE POOR CAT 'I' THE ADAGE."—Adage required by A. T. (Hanwell) is "Catus amat pisces sed non vult ungere plantas."—C. Sharp (Brighton).

CLARENDON PRESS.—See "The Early Oxford Press," 1468-1640, by Falconer Madan, 1895. Oxford Historical Society.—A. R. B.

COCKYLY BIRDS.—1. The yellow hammer. 2. (Anglo-Indian) Any small bird.

—W. G. F.

COCKYLY BIRDS.—"The Century Dictionary" says:—"Apparently a fanciful perversion of 'Cock' or 'Cocky' and 'Yellow Bird.' The Yellowhammer, *Emberiza Citrinella*."—M. A. C.

COCKYLY BIRDS.—C. Kingsley (in answer to A. P.) speaks of "charming little cockyly birds," in "Two Years Ago."—J. B. B.

MUSIC.

BACH.—The statue at Eisenach dates from 1884. I do not know of any good English account of the ceremonies.—W. G. F.

WAGNER IN ENGLAND.—In the "Briefwechsel Zwischen Wagner und Liszt," (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel, 1887, vol. 2) there are several letters from Wagner to Liszt, dated from 22, Portland Terrace, Regent's Park (1855). One of the letters is headed with the misprint "1853." Wagner was then conducting the Philharmonic Orchestra. He was not on the whole favourably impressed, and his letters are full of grumbles and complaints. See also Groves' "Dictionary of Music," vol. 4, Ed. Dunmuth's article on Wagner.—F. S.

DRAMA.

BAKING STAGE.—So far from being needless, as "Roscius" opines, the sloping stage is one of the fundamental principles of the modern theatre. It was followed in Italy early in the sixteenth century, as Serlio shows in his work on architecture. The stages of the Stuart masques, produced by Inigo Jones, had the rake. "Roscius" evidently knows little about stage perspective, and should read Lloyd's treatise on scene painting, published some years ago by Rowney.—W. J. Lawrence.

GENERAL.

SHYSTER.—From an obsolete use of "shy" as meaning "sly" or "cunning."—W. G. F.

APOLOGY.—After providing for a considerably increased sale, the entire edition of last week's issue of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE was exhausted by Saturday, and we were unable to supply supplementary orders from the Wholesale Houses. This apology is due to many who were unable to obtain a copy.

